REPORT *Monthly*

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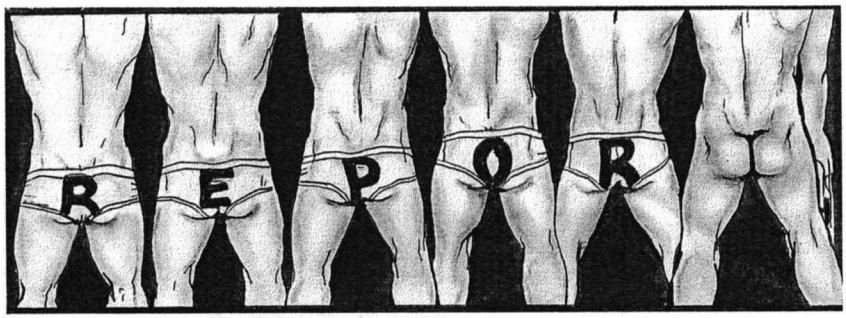
PHOTOS STORIES ART

NEWS FIRST EXPERIENCES



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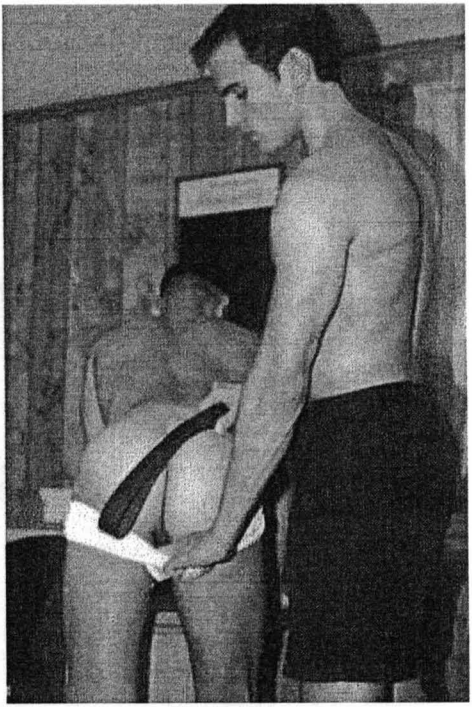

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THE GYM INSTRUCTOR

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Sergeant Sims dismissed the gym class and started to roll away the ropes and other apparatus that had been used. Mere minutes ago this huge aircraft hanger of a gym echoed noisily to the shouts, grunts & straining of fifty fit young Royal Marines being put through some tough gymnastics, yet now it was eerily silent apart from the occasional squeak of the sole of the Sergeant's rubber sole against the polished wood floor.

The trainee Marines were mostly youngsters aged between eighteen and twenty-two, but Sergeant Sims himself was only twenty-six years of age. After basic training, his naturally muscular athletic build and his genuine love of the workouts that so many of his fellow soldiers loathed, led him into a full time career in the Army Gymnastics Corp and so successful was he in training up troops to a peak of fitness that his promotion to Sergeant was rapid and further promotions were in the pipeline.

Sims had a few skeletons in his cupboard. His personal enthusiasm for extreme fitness was passed on to those he trained, either by example, by gentle persuasion, or, highly irregularly, by conducting a private interview with persistent slackers, during which both harsh physical exercise and even occasional but vigorous use of his rubber soled plimsoll across the shorts-clad rump of the slacker. As always with the Army, those subjected to such abuses cursed, but did not report such incidents, it simply wasn't done, and was, in any event, doomed to failure when the Gym Instructor and the Commander at the Marine base, Colonel Mackintosh, were close personal friends.

Suddenly the silence in the gymnasium was broken by the banging of the metal door at the far end. In walked a stocky young squaddie in full cammos and army boots. He stomped his boots loudly on the floor and snapped to attention, saluting the gym Sergeant.

"Private Aston reporting as instructed Sir!" he bellowed.

"Get your fuckin filthy boots off my floor soldier! Go out, change into plimsolls and gym kit and report back... at the DOUBLE LAD!" Sims yelled in the intimidated Marine's face.

Aston was a slacker. He had been given a private talking to during a gym class earlier that morning and had been given a straightforward choice; go on report for lack of effort (resulting in having to explain himself to his Commanding Officer and lose face) or return at lunchtime for "attitude correction".

Any Marine who had been at the base any time knew what this meant, "Whacks" as the trainees referred to Sims' short sharp doses of his plimsoll across squaddie buttocks. Most accepted the whacks as the easier option in the long run, indeed they would have been mocked by their peers if they had refused to take the slippering merely because it hurt; which it did! The justice of doing it at all was never debated.

When Aston re-entered the gym he was wearing only his standard issue dark blue cotton PT shorts, red singlet and white plimsolls. He was a big lad but fit , not flabby.

On the command from Sims he approached the huge gym horse and stood in front of it awaiting the order to get himself positioned over it. He knew that if Sims was in the mood to add to the humiliation of the experience, an order to lower or remove entirely his shorts might precede the command to mount the horse.

Luckily, no order to bare his backside came, only the one to get up on the horse. Aston climbed aboard and presented his large muscular arse as required. He grabbed hold of the two raised handles on the horse and awaited his fate. There were no speeches, no calling out of strokes and no forewarning of how many he must endure. The word around the camp was that it was never less than a dozen but rarely more than two dozen hefty smacks.

Sims approached the bending soldier, raising a plimsoll high in the air as he took his final strides towards his target. With a spring in his step he brought that rubber sole down with maximum force across the crown of the left buttock: Wham!

Aston gritted his teeth, eager to remain silent if at all possible. His pride demanded it. Sims was already walking back a few yards, and then commenced his run-up for the second swat.

Wham!!!!
Whappp! Smackkkk!

The hard punishing strokes of the "slipper" continued at a pace of three a minute. After the eighth the fire blazing under Aston's shorts was fierce enough for the ninth to extract a quickly bitted back groan from him.

Wham!! Bam!!!

Eleven strokes.... He was sweating profusely now, as was Sims. Was it to be just one more, or would Sims continue? It had only been a bit of lazing about in gym class, not high treason after all....
Whackkk!

A twelfth, and then a full forty-five seconds with no additional smack.
Aston heaved a sigh of relief and relaxed his backside.

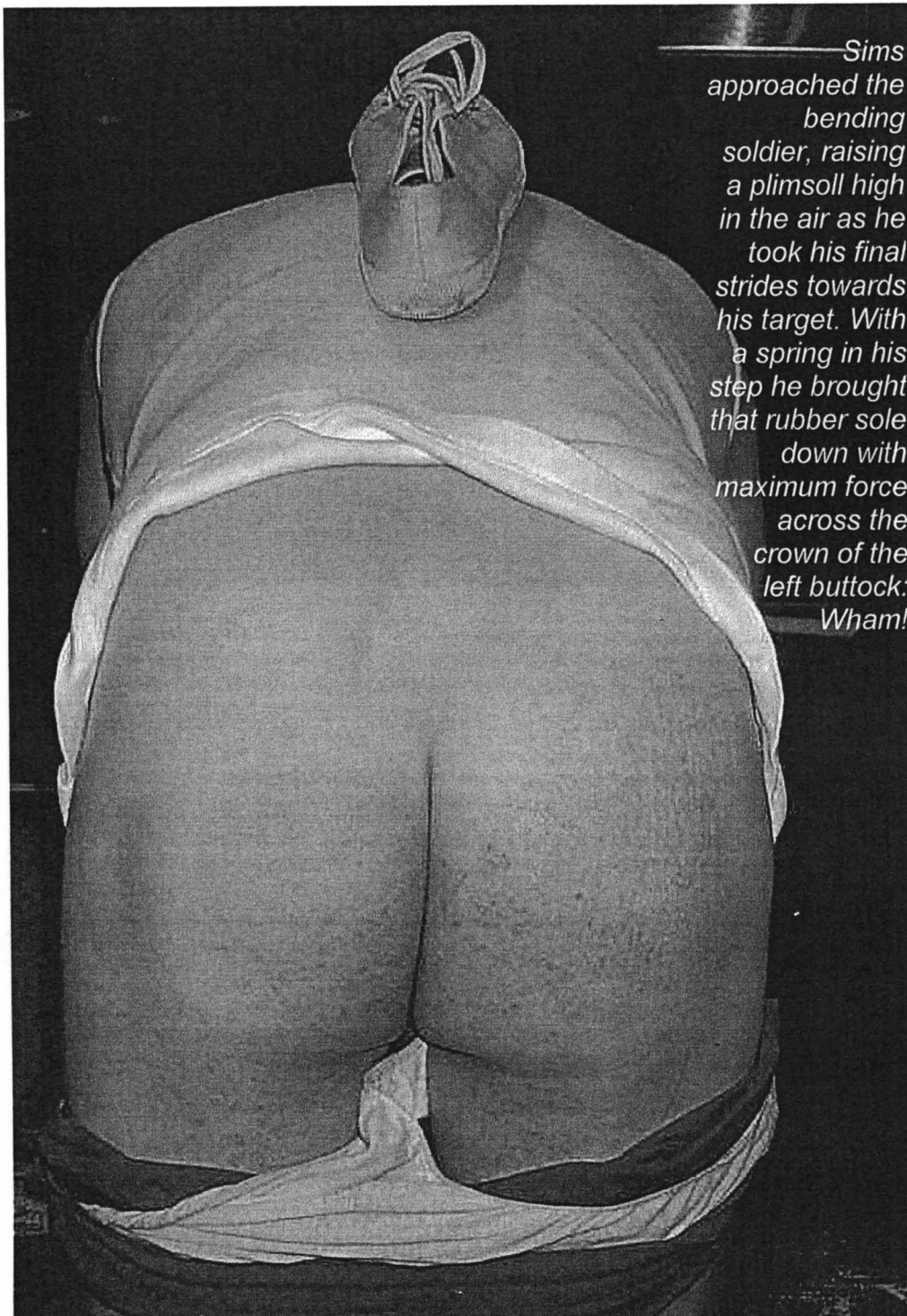
W H A C K K K !!!

Wrong! It was a bluff, Sims brought the plimsoll cracking down for a thirteenth, then fourteenth and then a fifteen time in rapid succession. The effect was devastating. Aston hollered as his arse burned with pain. (Bastard! He thought to himself).

Sims, grinning openly, then announced that Aston could climb down.

"Well done, get changed and don't let me catch you slacking in my gym again lad. Dismissed!"

Aston ran off to change & then disappear. He would make no attempt to hide his almost certainly bruised and marked buttocks in the barracks that night. Marines expected their comrades to share everything, and that included the sight of a well thrashed backside.


Sims approached the bending soldier, raising a plimsoll high in the air as he took his final strides towards his target. With a spring in his step he brought that rubber sole down with maximum force across the crown of the left buttock: Wham!

As Aston ran out of the gym he almost careered into the Company Commander, Col.. Mackintosh.

Aston froze on the spot and saluted properly.

"Sorry Sir!" he muttered awkwardly.

Mackintosh had noticed that the soldier was clutching and rubbing his behind as he ran from the gym. The Colonel smiled to himself and nodded that the lad may continue on his way. Mackintosh knew well what had just taken place and he did not disapprove in the least. He merely kicked himself for not arriving five or ten minutes earlier when he could quite properly have stood to one side and inspected the thrashing as it took place. Never mind, he thought, I've seen such events many, many times before and the reason I am on my way to see Sims is far more important.

"Ah Sims, there you are!" exclaimed the Colonel enthusiastically as he spotted his colleague in the small office at the far end of the gym.
"I see you're still teaching our young soldiers via their backsides!" Mackintosh teased the Sergeant.

"Well, you know how it is with squaddies Colonel, sometimes things can be drummed in quicker and more effectively at that end than the end that thinks!".
Sims beamed a knowing grin at the Colonel. They were actually good friends and would normally have been addressing each other by their Christian names in private, but things were kept formal on this occasion because they both knew where this encounter was heading.

"I wonder, Sims.... If that same approach to learning might work on NCO's? A Sergeant for example".

Sims swallowed hard. The Colonel's last comment meant only one thing, the Colonel was in the mood for "the game" as they referred to their special relationship, and he was here in the gym at this moment because he wanted something very specific from the gym instructor.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your routine Sims, were you about to shower?" the Colonel asked.

Sims knew the drill, he was not being asked if he intended to use the showers, he was being told to use them, and he knew only too well why. He nodded that he was indeed about to go and shower after his last class when the Colonel had arrived.

"Well then, "continued Mackintosh, I suggest you go and take that shower... and then come and find me afterwards. I think I'd better remind you how effective your chosen disciplinary methods are, eh?"

"Yes Sir!" replied Sims.He handed the Colonel the keys to the gym and went off to the showers. Whilst he was gone, the Colonel swiftly went and locked the two exit doors to the gymnasium. They were alone, locked in and interruptions from outside were impossible. The phone in the office was taken off the hook.

There were just two more preparations to make. The colonel went to Sims' private locker in the office and unlocked it. He smiled to himself as he selected a supple dark nilgheri cane from the set of four standing in the bottom part of the locker. His muscular, athletic friend Sgt Sims was, of his own free will (more or less!) about to take a beating, a beating that would bring immense sexual gratification to Colonel Mackintosh and some arousal, as well as a good deal of pain, to Sims. The two men had acted out similar roles more than ten years earlier when, at their Public School, Mackintosh was five years older than Sims and as Head

Prefect had indulged in some highly questionable bare bottom canings on a number of boys, Sims being perhaps his favourite target.

Despite the intense discomfort of the canings at school, Sims also received all manner of treats and special privileges from Mackintosh and out of the situation they developed an unlikely friendship. Sims had his own set of fantasies involving discipline and so however harsh some of the hidings he received, he always managed to bare no grudge, and on occasions even provided legitimate reasons why Mackintosh could summon him to the Prefects Study and thrash him.

Years later their paths crossed again, in the forces, and it was not long before they had both manoeuvred themselves into a situation where Sims' magnificently rounded buttocks were once again flinching to the crack of Mackintosh's expertly wielded cane. The fact that as before, one of them held genuinely superior rank over the other merely served to add authenticity to their punishment rituals. Mackintosh swept everything from the top of Sims' cluttered desk into a box and then sat at the chair behind the desk, swinging slowly to and fro and gently sliding his fingers up and down the cane as he awaited the return of his friend.

Sims quickly reappeared. He was still bollock naked and dripping wet. His face was half hidden as he vigorously towelled his cropped hair dry. He went to a cupboard in the office and reached inside, producing a crisp clean pair of white cotton drill PT shorts. He pretended not to notice that the Colonel was brandishing a cane.

"I think we'll do without those Sims!" stated the Colonel.

"Go and prepare yourself at the Wall Bars!"

Sims left the office, still wet and naked, leaving his shorts in the cupboard.

He went to the wall bars in the main gymnasium and removed two large wooden "pegs" from holes in the bars. These were used as hand and footholds for soldiers to climb from the floor right up to the ceiling of the building some forty feet above, but they also served as instantly height-adjustable handles for Sims to grip whilst he took a flogging.

No restraint was ever used on these occasions, both men regarded it as a matter of pride that all beatings were taken without restraint, the receiver must summon all his bravery and fortitude to remain in position and accept his fate no matter how prolonged or severe it may be. Those were the rules at school and Sims felt honour bound to adhere to those same rules now.

The standing position is often not the best one for beating the male buttocks, however Sims was so athletically built that his small waist and protruding and very firm, muscular buttocks meant that even in the standing position, especially when up on his toes as he would soon be, his backside presented a magnificently proud and easily accessible target.

He positioned the two pegs high above his head, at arms length, then grabbed them firmly, spread his legs and went up on his toes. He faced the wall and awaited what he knew from experience was likely to be a harsh caning, involving several dozen strokes, each delivered with the intention of testing him to the limit. Mackintosh appeared moments later, minus his uniform jacket and with his olive shirt opened ant the collar and sleeves rolled above the elbows.

He positioned himself correctly and merely said;

"Well...?

Sims knew the drill, he responded without delay.

"Colonel Mackintosh Sir! I am guilty of over-zealous punishment of then men and I ask you to put this wrong to right in the appropriate manner, SIR!"

Not another word was spoken. A first searing stroke of the cane flashed through the air, biting coldly and cruelly into Sims goose-pimpled bottom. There was a wet thwackkk as the cane whipped the remaining moisture from the Sgt's rump. A mere ten seconds later a second stroke made it's mark, then a third, a fourth....

It took a full twenty-five strokes before Sims buttocks started to tense and flinch involuntarily, yet only the occasional bitten back hiss or stifled groan was heard. At thirty strokes his entire backside was well welted and he had rested back on his heels, no longer offering himself up on his toes. The effect was to only slightly relax his bottom.

Mackintosh was in his element, he quickened the pace of his delivery, adding a pace or two to add weight to the remaining strokes. Sims sweated, and now yelped when a particularly sharp stroke bit into his tormented rump. Te Colonel was, as always, administering the cane with skill and enthusiasm.

Thwackkk! He unexpectedly aimed for the upper thighs.

"Ahhh!" Sims cried out in shock and angst.
"Quiet! Take it Boy!" was the Colonel's cold response to his friend's expression of pain.

Two more searing strokes striped the thighs before Mackintosh returned his attention to those superb buttocks once again. Sims was tiring rapidly now, he gripped onto the bars as hard as he could, his face screwed up in torment as the caning passed the forty-fifth stroke with no clear indication that the Colonel was near stopping.
"Please!" Sims whimpered as stroke forty-seven lashed his now swollen backside pitilessly.

Never-the-less another stroke bit in, and then another. This was a hell of a flogging even for such a supremely fit individual.

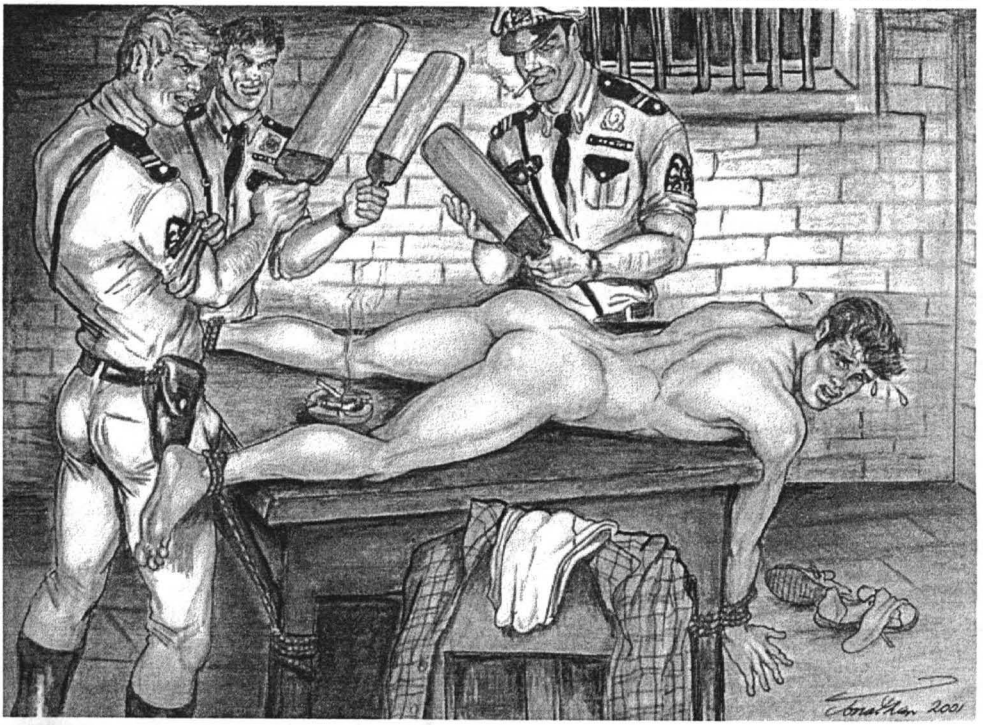
Then after forty-eight hard strokes, the beating suddenly stopped. The Colonel approached his friend and running his sweaty hand over Sims' scalding hot and ridged bottom he whispered

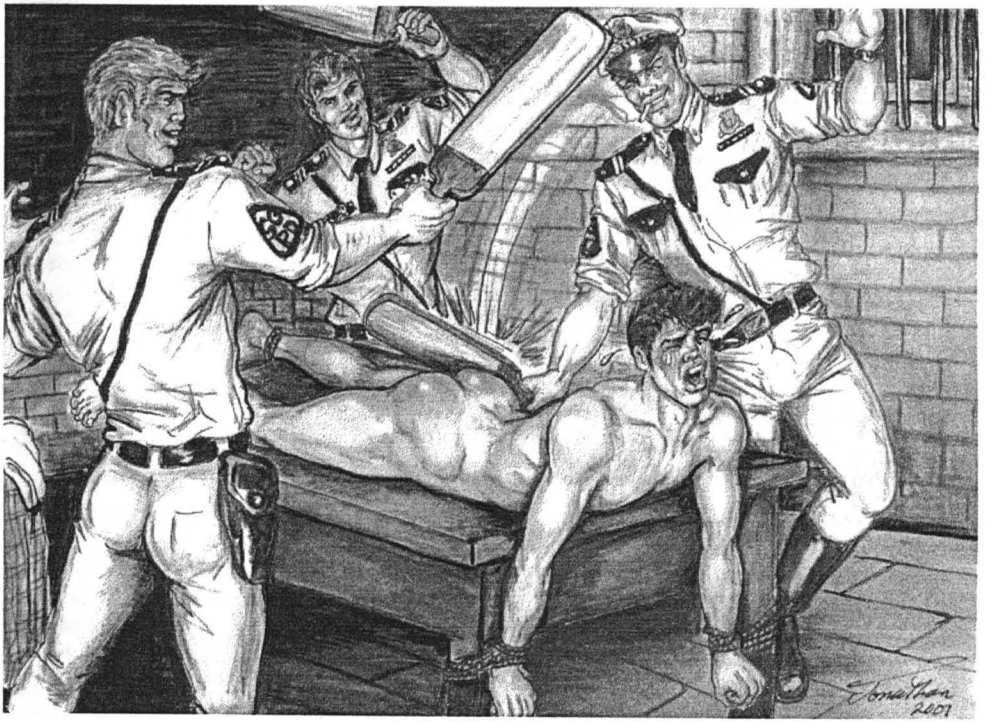
"Well Done. I'll make it up to you, you'll see.."

And with that the Colonel retrieved his jacket, adjusted his uniform and Sims heard the gym door being unlocked and opened. Keen to avoid being seen by a young Marine in this naked, whipped state, Sims rushed to re-lock the gym door before heading back to the showers to wash the sweat from his body.

As he lathered up and reached round to assess the state of his aching, throbbing behind, he was aware of a growing arousal at what he had just been put through. He loved his hands from his tormented rump to his erection and slipped into a warm, comfortable fantasy world of eroticism and pain. ◘

Comics by Jonathan





Neil's Newsdesk

Issue 109 **reportmonthly@hotmail.com** **November 2001**

***This month the National Press has been unusually rich in CP-related stories. We have covered the very best of these for you in your November Newsdesk.* Neil**

Hampshire Judge tells Teacher he CAN use Force!!

In a ruling that is bound to have a far reaching effect, the Judge at the trial of a 64-year-old teacher has given a ruling that establishes a teacher's right to use reasonable force against unruly pupils. This ruling is seen by many, including the teachers unions and teachers themselves as restoring at least some degree of authority to teachers who have been effectively barred from exercising even the most moderate physical controls on wild and disruptive pupils.

District Judge Gareth Crowling cleared geography teacher Haydn Watkins of the assault charges brought against him by the CPS after complaints from the mother of an unruly 12 year old boy complained that her son had his arm twisted and his neck pinched by the teacher. Police too her complaint seriously and arrested, then charged the teacher. This resulted in the part time teacher finding himself suspended without pay for seven months as he awaited trial. What the trial revealed was that the boy in question was (surprise, surprise) a persistent trouble maker with a history of unruly and disruptive behaviour in class. On the day in question the 12 year old boy had been leaving his seat and kicking other pupils property around the room earlier in the class and told to sit down and behave himself. When he then repeated his bad behaviour the teacher grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and escorted him back to his seat.

Judge Crowling commented that he had "no hesitation in my judgement that in this case it was reasonable and that Mr Watkins is not guilty of assault".
The mother in the case is, unsurprisingly, bitching that she and her son have been "let down by the system".

The Newsdesk staff share the view that the only people let down by "the system" in this instance appear to be the teacher whose pay and reputation were on hold for over half a year, and the other pupils who had to endure the antics of this brat.

Nice to see a "return to common sense" ruling for a change & a welcome slap for the liberals who think smacking or even touching a pupil is beyond the pail. Unfortunately, Teacher Haydn Watkins is not now free to return to his work as he had hoped and expected. Now the Hampshire County Council has astounded many by announcing that regardless of the Law finding Watkins innocent of the charges, the Council will hold it's own internal investigation and it still reserves the right to sack him regardless of the Court declaring that he had acted entirely properly.

Somerset Cricket Captain Guilty of Canings

Peter Roebuck, forty-five year old ex-Somerset County Cricket Club Captain, has been found guilty on charges of assaulting 19 year old trainees in his care. He was given a suspended sentence after being on trial for engineering situations in which he could insist on beating the backsides of some of his young trainees under the guise of it being a good and necessary training technique when they failed to keep up to set fitness levels.

Roebuck escorted such boys to his garage where a selection of canes was hung on one wall and after selecting one he proceeded to make them bend over and receive a beating of between three and six hard strokes across their clothed bottom. He then went on to request that they bare their bottom in order that he could check that they were not unduly damaged.

The three boys who gave evidence claimed that they were left feeling distressed and humiliated after their canings, but as one of the boys, a South African, put it, "I did not consent to the assault, but he (Mr Roebuck) is a dominant person who makes you feel that you must do as he says".
Before sentencing, the judge commented that; "It was not appropriate to administer corporal punishment to boys of this age in circumstances such as these. It seems so unusual that it must have been done to satisfy some need in you". ***(The original story with a picture of one of the young men concerned is in Issue 88 – October 1999) Ed.***

Tourist Arrested for Smacking His Son

A French tourist visiting Edinburgh with his family was horrified when, after giving his eight year old son a smack on the bottom for behaving badly and annoying everyone in a restaurant they were eating at, he was promptly arrested, finger-printed, DNA samples taken and banged up in a cell for two whole nights!
As his wife later pointed out, when the boy was examined at a hospital, no marks or damage were found, and in France people jeer at parents who fail to discipline their unruly toddlers, not parents who give a moderate parental smack when needed.

The tourist, 32 year old Mr. Boquelet awaits trail on minor assault charges because the Police claimed at the time that he had punched and kicked his son outside the restaurant. Witnesses have since come forward to insist that he only gave the boy one reasonable smack, and even the boy himself cannot see what the fuss is about. The boy told Police that he only got "the normal"! smack fir being naughty.
We will await the result with interest. When WILL the menace of over protective social workers and euro-legislators be removed and caring, sensible parents who understand the need for some measure of discipline be left to be just that, responsible parents who do not want to rear another generation of unruly brats who cry "assault!" every time they are made to do anything they find disagreeable?!

Christian Schools Challenge UK Govt over CP Ban

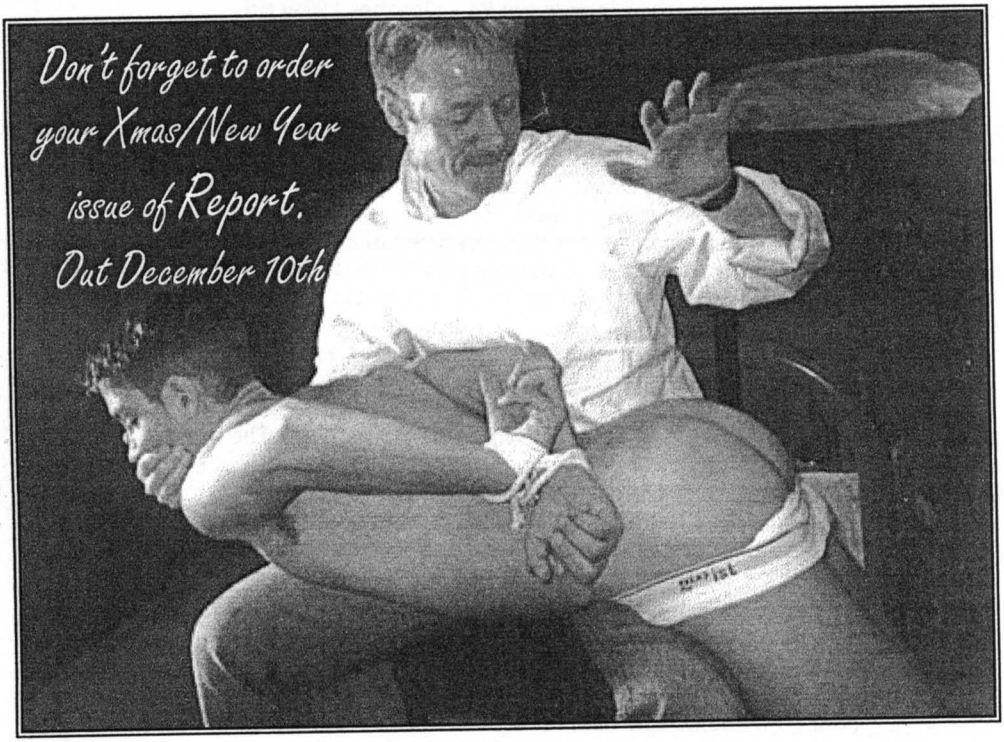
After a long period of increasingly open disagreement with the blanket ban on the use of corporal punishment in English schools, the Christian Fellowship School in Liverpool has asked for a Judicial Review of the law which has made it an illegal act to cane or slipper an

run Christian Schools run by the Christian Fellowship and others. The cost of even obtaining a Judicial hearing is said to have exceeded £20,000.

The Christian Brothers who run the schools say they have the full support of the majority of the pupil's parents and the Fellowship wants the right to use the cane for serious breaches of discipline in all its privately run Christian schools. It is the belief of the school that the presence of the cane as an ultimate sanction results in a big improvement in the general behaviour of all pupils. It is also pointed out that The Bible is quite specific on a number of occasions about a parents right, indeed duty, to discipline an errant child, and to resort to "the rod" when necessary, and that therefore denying parents and, "in loco parentis", the teachers to use the cane when necessary, the Government is actually denying them their right to express their religious convictions, and thereby infringing their human rights.

The teaching Unions remain adamant that they did not fight for many years to abolish CP in schools completely, only to see it return on religious grounds a few years later. An interesting case certainly. Keep your eyes on the national press in the coming months, and we will of course be reporting developments in this and the other CP legal cases as they progress.

Neil



First Experiences

When I was growing up in the 70's I was always spanked when I had done something wrong. I can't remember the first time but I was still being spanked when I left home at 22.

I had a strict even old fashioned upbringing I think ruled by my Step Dad It was painful to be spanked by him but worst of all it was humiliating to be treated like that and I think everyone in our village knew and quite a few had seen my punishments with their own eyes. My Step Dad mostly did it the same way. On Fridays my Mum would go to Bingo in the town and my Dad would have his friends round in our living room for beer and a chat. If I had done anything wrong during the week that was punishment night for me. After Mum had left I would be called down to the front room. When I was young it would be in my pyjamas, when I was older I would be in my ordinary clothes. And some times, even when I was in my late teens, and when my Step Dad was 'busy' he would put me in my bedroom and tell me to strip completely naked except my socks and slippers before I came down to the living room 'to save time'. My Step Brothers were never spanked and I always dreaded they, or even worse their friends, would see me walking to the front room with nothing on. Sometimes they did and they would start laughing and shout lots of stuff about being spanked and having a red bottom. They were younger than me but they were always in charge, which would make me feel even smaller and more stupid.

My Step Dad never seemed worried about my feelings and I was once spanked for answering back at my Stepbrothers seventh Birthday party. My Mum was away in Hospital and the party was been run by this woman called Joan and her husband (Barry who was one of the Friday night beer friends) and my Step Dad. I was about fifteen and I had to take my trousers and pants completely off in front of everyone. That was bad enough having to fumble around while everyone looked at my humiliation. Barry then rolled my sweatshirt up under my arms. He told me how much fun they were having seeing me being ' bought down a peg'. I was then spanked standing up so they could all see my face and my privates. All these boys with eyes like saucers who couldn't believe their luck and seeing an older boy being spanked. My Dad went on for ages until I started crying mainly with the humiliation of everything. He then made me pick up my jeans and pants and give them to Joan and I was then made to stand in the kitchen with my sweat shirt rolled up under my arms so my red bottom was on show while everyone came and went. Some of the boys at the party would come round to the front and point at my penis then run away giggling. My Dad and Barry didn't stop them I think they even encouraged the boys to say things and to look. It sounds funny but it wasn't. I was fifteen and in tears and I couldn't hide anything front and back from anyone and I still remember the deep humiliation to this day. It was a very bad experience and I had lots of nightmares about it afterwards but it was not the only 'bad time' in my upbringing by a long way.

Anyway back to my evening punishments, my Step Dad would then make me tell him what I had done. Some times it was quite small things but the punishment would be the same. I never argued even when I was grown up because that's how it was in our house. "Was I going to cry" he wanted to know? "Oh well if I was determined to act like a little boy I would be treated like one and have a bare bum spanking!" "Surely I was an embarrassed, a big lad like me, having to take my pants down like a five year old?" I would then have to pull my pyjama bottoms or trousers and underpants down to my ankles and stand up again. I hated been made to do that. He always seemed to enjoy that and the more embarrassed I was the more he would sort of joke and laugh. It was never quick that bit. I would just stand there and you could see he was I looking at my privates and naked bum. As I got older the jokes became more and more crude. My Step Dad would tell me how naughty I was and how really stupid I looked. Sometimes I would just start crying then.
I would then be hauled over my Dads lap and lie along the sofa as he gave me a spanking. As I was older he would use an old slipper. It was always long and painful and we would continue to tell me I would always be naughty if I didn't get a good tanning to my bare backside. The more fuss I made the more he would be excited. Then I would be hauled up and told to stand on this small stool still with my pants down and my hands behind my head. Then he would go on drinking until he got bored and I would be told to go to bed. I am ashamed to say this but sometimes I would get excited, I don't know why but my penis would stand up, sometimes fully right up hard. It was another humiliation to be seen like that by my Step Dad.

Its helped me writing this I think a lot about what happened at the moment it was bad at the time but I never think it was abuse but I think he definitely got a kick out of punishing me. ▣

This is an account of my first real experience with discipline almost two years ago....

I fell in love with Ben when my eyes beheld him in his swimming briefs on the starting blocks at the school swimming carnival. He, like me, was just 14 years of age. He was of Mediterranean descent, a tanned slender and smooth young body of perfect proportions with piercing brown eyes. I could feel my cock harden as I gazed at the boy.

I was a tall, gangly boy for my age and to date had made no close friends at school. It was hard being gay in all boys' school and at this stage I had no idea of Ben's sexual preferences. That was not to come for some considerable time, although I believe we both had an idea long before this.
As it turned out we were both loners and we soon became great friends. This lasted throughout our school days as we regularly met and played together. At school we were both constantly in trouble both in the classroom and in the playground. Our schoolwork was one of mediocrity to say the least. Neither of us could bring ourselves to settle down to some serious study.
However, as time passed I noticed a change in Ben. He seemed to become much more obedient and was in far less trouble than he had been when I first met him. His schoolwork had picked up considerably and he seemed a generally far happier boy to the one whom I had first met, when he told me he loathed school. I had not changed but was still my happy go lazy self, always in trouble for anything and everything. But we still remained the closest of friends.
I respected the change in his attitude but whenever I had asked him what brought about this change all he would say was that Ken was helping him. I became envious of him as my best

and dearest friend, with whom I had established a close and warm relationship, was now achieving so much more in life. But the gap between us, in terms of what we were achieving at school and our general conduct at school, was growing wider. How was he able to achieve this change? I couldn't and felt left behind by my friend.
Nevertheless, our friendship continued to blossom. Out of school we would always be together. We would go to the beach together. We would go on holidays together with each other's family. I well remember the many times we were together lying on the beach, when my cock would pulsate as my sexual desires were aroused. But I could not bring myself to broach the subject, in fear that I might lose this friend. Little did I know at the time that I needn't had worried in the slightest. As it later turned out he, too, had the same desires and fears.
I continued to ask him for more information about how Ken was helping him. He was always vague with his replies and said little more than the fact that a friend of his had recommended he should see Ken to help him with his motivation and that Ken would teach him both obedience and respect. Two years passed before I was to learn for myself just how Ken had helped Ben to make such a big change in his life.
We are now both sixteen years old. I cannot remember exactly how the conversation arose but it was the start of a new term at school and somehow Ben had asked me if I really wanted to find out more about this Ken. Naturally, I replied that I did but he would not tell me any details at all. All he would say that he was due to visit Ken again this week and that when he had spoken to Ken, he had been told to bring his friend if he wished.
Anticipation ran high as we headed towards Ken's home. Intrigue, I think is the appropriate word when Ben told me that I should address Ken as either "Master" or "Sir". But nothing could have prepared for me for what eventually occurred that day. It was the day that changed the direction of my life in more than one way but it was a day I shall never regret as long as I live. That day turned out to be one of the most sensual experiences of my life.
Ben rang the front door bell and Ken appeared. He was a man about fifty years of age, well dressed, stern but of a very friendly demeanour.
"Come in boys," he said. "I see you've brought your friend with you this time, Ben."
"Yes, Sir," Ben replied. "May I introduce you to Jason?"
"I'm delighted to meet you, Sir," I acknowledged and then added, "Ben has said you have done so much for him over the years. I have been looking forward to meeting you and hoping that you can help me, too."
"Well, I shall certainly do my best for you." Ken responded. "Ben seems to be a different boy these days, don't you, Ben?"
"Yes, Sir. Thanks to your help," Ben acknowledged.
"What have you told Jason about how I have helped you, Ben?"
"Nothing, Sir. You said to say nothing but to let Jason find out for himself."
"Good boy, Ben. I'm pleased you are still as obedient."
"Well, boy," Ken said turning to Jason, "Do you want me to help you in the same way or not?"
"I think so, Sir," I replied.
"What do you mean you think so? Do you or don't you?" he demanded.
"I would like to know more. How are you going to help me?" I asked.
"You ask too many questions, boy! If you want my help you will say 'yes' and you will follow my directions. If you don't want my help you can say 'no' and leave now. Now which is it?"
"I would like your help please, Sir."
"Fine. You've got it. Ben, take Jason into the study and both of you wait for me there. I shall be there shortly."

By this stage I can't remember if it was curiosity or anxiety or a mixture of both but Ben led me to the study and we waited for Ken to arrive. Ben still refused to tell me anything. He told me to wait and find out for myself. All he would say was that Ken's methods had been extremely helpful to him over the past eighteen months and that he came to Ken at the start of each term for a "refresher" – whatever that meant.

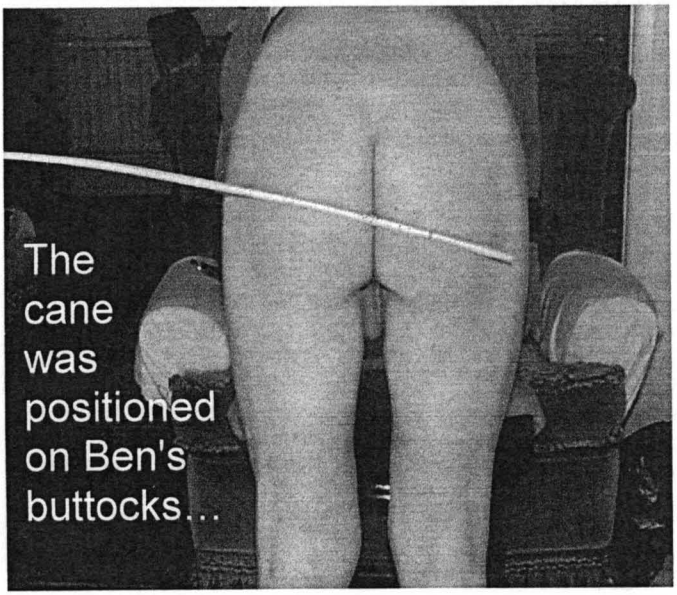
After what seemed like an eternity, Ken entered. As he did so, he snapped at both of us.

"Both of you remove all your clothes and strip naked," he commanded.

What is going on here I wondered to myself? I needn't have wondered much longer.

Ben immediately obeyed and I quickly followed. As the pair of us stood there stark naked, I started to get an erection. I looked at Ben. He also now had a stiff cock.

"Now, Ben," the master commanded. "You may explain to Jason how I have helped you to improve so much."



Turning to me, Ben explained: "Master Ken believes the best way to change a boy's attitude is with a good flogging across the buttocks. The first time I came was the worst. I got the cane, the strap and the whip. But then at the start of each term, you usually get a bit less. Just enough to keep you in line for the rest of the term."

"Now you know, Jason," Master Ken stated.

"Yes, Sir." I replied.

Addressing Ben, the Master instructed him to get the cane from the cupboard.

Ben fetched the metre length cane and handed it to his master.

"Ben," he said. "We'll start with you so you can show your friend how to take punishment. Assume the punishment position!"

Ben stepped to the centre of the room, spread his feet apart and bent forward. The master flexed the cane several times whilst the lad stood in anticipation. The sound of the two warm up strokes as the cane swished in the air sent shivers down my spine. The cane was positioned on Ben's buttocks and after a few light movements the first stroke thundered through Ben's body as the cane made contact with him.

"One, Sir," Ben cried, as a red welt instantly appeared on his arse.

Again the cane cut across Ben's young buttocks and the boy screamed as he called, "Two, Sir." The caning continued with a long pause between each stroke.

The master was skilful and left six separate welts across Ben's backside, as Ben counted aloud each of the strokes.

"You may get up now," Master Ken commanded.

The boy did as instructed and thanked his master for the caning.

Turning to me, the master enquired if I knew what I had to do.

"Yes, Sir," I replied.
I was determined to be brave and assumed the punishment position, feet apart and bent down low. The cane cracked across my buttocks six times as I counted aloud each stroke. But try as I might I could not hold back the tears and when eventually I was instructed to stand, I had forgotten to thank my master. It was the one and only time I would forget such an acknowledgement.
"I thought you said you knew what to do?" the master asked me.
"I did, Sir," I replied.
"You did not. What have you omitted?"
My mind scrambled in an attempt to remember where I had gone wrong. Eventually, it dawned on me.
"Thank you, Sir for punishing me."
"And about time, but a bit late. Resume the punishment position, Jason."
And another two cuts slammed across my buttocks. This time as I stood I remembered to say thank you.
Master Ken then laid the cane across the desk and left the room. Needless to say there were two very distressed boys left behind.
"Do we get dressed now?" I enquired of Ben.
"No, Jason," he replied. "We'll be told when to get dressed. The caning was just the warm up. There's more to come yet."
Ben was at this stage furiously rubbing his stiff cock. The boy was sexually aroused and it was only then that I first realised that he, too, was gay. What a relief! I wasn't the only one. I approached him and grabbed his dick. Ben instantly grabbed mine and we masturbated each other. Both of us seemed to ejaculate at about the same time and our cock clutching hands were filled with that hot teen cum.
But unexpectedly, Master Ken suddenly returned to the study. Ben and I instantly released our grip and semen spurted over both our bodies.
"What the hell have you two been up to?" the master demanded. "Ben, I've told you before that you're welcome to do that sort of thing in your own time but there is absolutely none of it to occur whilst you are in this house."
"I'm sorry, Sir. We just couldn't help it. We were both just filled with hot excitement."
"Well I'll tell you this young man. You're not half as sorry as you are going to be. What happens to naughty boys young man?"
"Naughty boys are punished, master."
"You're damn right they are."
He grabbed Ben by the hair and threw him over to the wall.
"Face the wall," he instructed. "Get your feet apart. Put your hands as high up on the wall as you can."
The master went to the cupboard, took out a wooden paddle and slammed it across the boy's arse with a hard welt-causing blow. Ben screamed. Again the paddle slammed across his buttocks.
"Are you watching, boy?" he said as he turned to me.
"Yes, Sir." I replied.
"Well get over here. Now!"
I was scared stiff and obeyed instantly. The master handed me the paddle.
"You two obviously want to play with each other. Now's your opportunity boy. You continue the punishment."
I didn't know what to do. I couldn't bring myself to have to hurt my own best friend. Yet at the same time I knew that if I didn't obey the command, the master would be furious and I could imagine what would happen next.

"Sorry, Ben," I said quietly.
"It's all right, Jason. You've got no choice. Lay it on."
I slapped the paddle across my best mate's buttocks. As I did so, I could feel myself getting a huge hard-on.
"Harder," commanded Master Ken.
Again I laid the paddle across his buttocks, this time a little harder. The master stopped me. He was furious.
"Don't you know what harder means boy?" he demanded. He grabbed the paddle from me, forced me against the wall and landed an almighty blow across my arse.
"Now do you know what harder means?"
"Yes, Sir," I replied:
"Well now you may continue with Ben's punishment," he said as he handed the paddle back to me. "And you'd better make sure you do it properly this time."
"How many do I give him?" I asked.
"I'll tell you when to stop," was the answer. "Now go to it."
I could see Ben tense himself as he waited for the harsh blows to start landing across his backside and I administered another eight blows before I was instructed to stop. I am sure it hurt me almost as much as it hurt Ben.
"Change places," Master Ken commanded. "Now it's your turn, Ben, to administer the punishment."
I handed Ben the paddle and stood facing the wall. As the first stroke slammed into me I could feel my cock stiffen up even harder and more juice oozed out and ran down my legs. Although he was my best friend, to this day I am sure he enjoyed punishing me as he delivered ten savage blows to my arse."
"That's enough." Ken commanded as he took the paddle from Ben's hand and put it back in the cupboard. Ben and I collapsed exhausted on the floor close to exploding out even more hot cum but racked with pain and crying. The master must have sensed the lust that was whirling around inside us, yet we knew we dared not let it surface in front of him for fear of further punishment. That we saved until later.
"Now clean you yourselves up," Ken instructed. "You've both got cock juices all over you. Use your tongues. You can lick each other clean."
As I licked Ben's balls to clean them of their cum I could see his cock grow harder and longer. It was all I could do not to grab it in my mouth, yet I dare not as Master Ken was watching closely.
"That's a good boy," he said. "Lick that cum clean."
After we were both clean, Ken left the room and it was some considerable time before he returned. We both discussed how we felt, how we were both so sexually aroused. Yet we dare not exhibit it in case we were again caught out. When eventually Master Ken returned we both stood. I wondered what was next. I was not left to wonder long as Ken had brought with him two lethal looking instruments. One was a thick leather strap about 30 centimetres in length and about four or five centimetres wide. The other was a leather whip, twice as long and split into four separate strands at the end.
Turning to me, Master Ken enquired if this time I was going to observe closely for the instructions for punishment. I assured him I would.
"Right, Ben. On the bed!"
There was a single bed at the end of the study with two pillows. Ben knew what to do. He had obviously been through this before. He lay face down on the bed and placed the two pillows under him to raise his buttocks. In that raised position, the cheeks of his smooth and tanned buttocks remained loose and flexible and were much more subject to pain than if

they were flat and taught. I realised now that this was the reason for the pillows. Ben grabbed the top of the bed to hold himself firm. He knew from experience what was coming!
The master picked up the strap and administered a total of twenty strokes, alternating with five on each cheek. Why I am not quite sure, as the length of the strap still made contact across both buttocks. Throughout the punishment, I stood observing as Ben screamed and writhed in agony with each stroke of the strap. Nevertheless, he did not neglect to count aloud as the strapping continued. Again when he was told to get up he thanked his master.
Now it was my turn. I was already in tears and the punishment hadn't even begun. I positioned myself on the bed as Ben had done. Now it was Ben's turn to observe a punishment, but I had to take it. There was no way I could back out. I would lose all face with my good friend.
I grabbed the end of the bed and held on for grim death. I did not have long to wait as the first five strokes cut across the left cheek of my buttocks. No, I did not forget to count them, but you could barely make sense of what I said between my crying. After the tenth stroke, the master asked if I would like a short break in the punishment.
"Yes, please, Sir." I pleaded.
"Remain as you are," I was instructed.
During the short break, the master spoke with Ben and commended him on his great improvement and Ben seemed pleased for the praise.
My punishment resumed and I continued to scream as the strap lashed across my buttocks. At last, the end! After the twentieth stroke, I was commanded to rise and I thanked my master who left the room.
I turned to Ben.
"Is that it?" I asked.
"No," Ben replied. "Do you remember I said that the first time you come you get a bigger punishment? Well, there's still the whipping to come, yet."
"But I don't know how much more my bum can take?" I protested.
Half an hour later, Master Ken returned and took the whip into his hand.
Turning to me, he said: "Ben's not getting the whip today. He's only getting a tune up on this occasion whereas you're on your first punishment. Get back on the bed, boy!" he commanded. "This will be a flogging you won't forget for a while, I can assure you."
As I got back on the bed, the master instructed Ben to tie my hands and feet to the end of the bed so I would not jump all over the place. I guessed this was going to be severe, and it was. Ben tied my hands and feet with what seemed like the cords from pyjama pants and then stepped back.
"Are you ready, boy?" Master Ken enquired of me.
"Yes, Sir," I replied.
As occurred previously the punishment was administered in groups of five, alternating across each cheek but the length of the whip again ensured that it would cut across both buttocks each time. As each lash of the whip was administered I screamed loudly as it cut across my tender young buttocks. The whipping started lightly but each stroke had the effect of four separate lashes as the four strands were laid to rest on my backside. The pain was excruciating but I could feel my cock springing up in a huge stiffer. The harder he whipped me the stiffer and closer to shooting my hard cock got! Again I was given twenty strokes. Again I counted the lashes and again I thanked my master. I did not want to forget and be awarded additional punishment.
"Ben. You may untie the boy."
"Yes, Sir."
The master again left the room and yet again I turned to Ben and asked: "Is that it or is there more?"

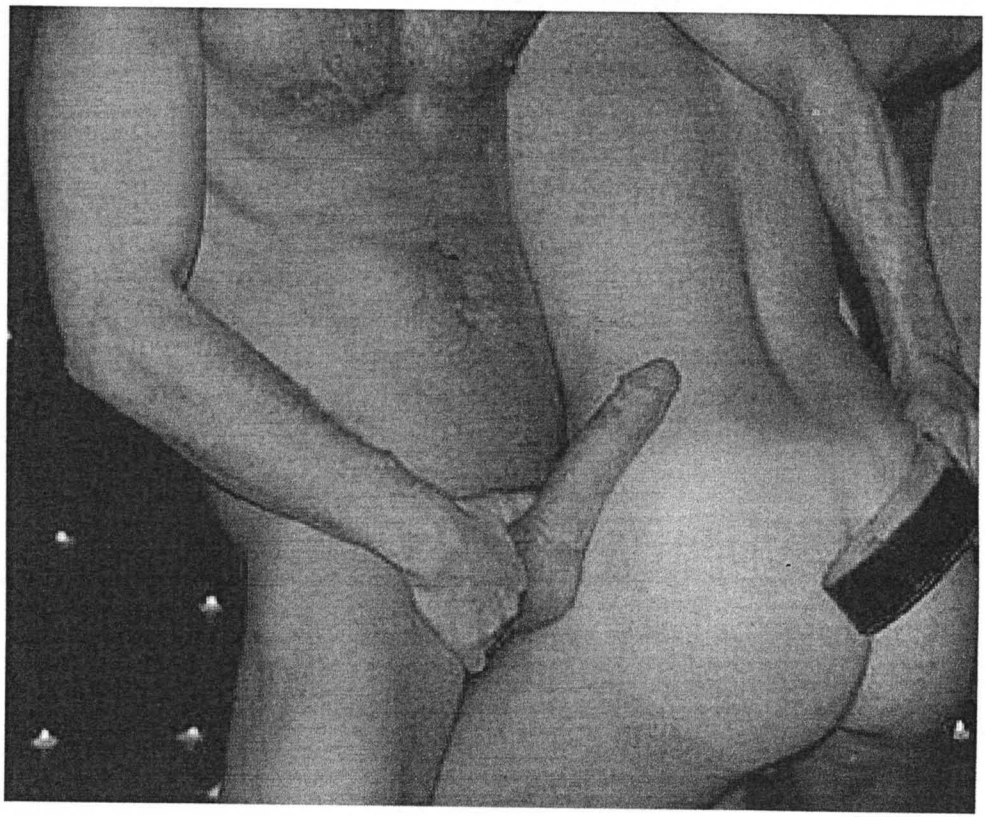
"I'm not sure, but we dare not get dressed until told to or that will be an act of disobedience." And so we waited. This was a long afternoon!
Eventually Master Ken returned by which time we had stopped crying and had partly regained our composure.
Addressing Ben first of all the master enquired if the punishment had acted as a good tune up to ensure another good term at school. Ben acknowledged that it definitely had.
"And what about you, boy? Do you know why you've been punished today?" he asked of me.
"Yes, Sir. To straighten me up as you did with Ben."
"Correct! And do you think it will put you back on track?"
"I reckon so, Sir. Only time will tell."
"Well, that time will be the start of next term when you both come back to see me. If you are still well in line, we'll just give you a tune up but if not you'll get a more substantial beating. Do you understand?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Right boys, then I'll punish you a little more and then you may go."
At that, the master again pulled the cane from the cupboard. Ben assumed the punishment position first and I followed. Another six strokes of the cane were laid across each of us. It seemed even harder than the first caning but this could well be because my buttocks had by now been so heavily flogged.
"Thank you for punishing me again today, master," Ben acknowledged. "I'm sure that will keep me in line all term."
"Thank you also, Sir, I have never been punished as much as that in all my life. I hope it does me as much good as it's done for Ben," I added.
"Time will tell," Master Ken replied. "And are we going to see you back next term for a tune up, Jason?"
"Yes, Sir. Definitely."
"You may get dressed now, boys."
Both of us dressed, forcing our still stiff cocks into our underpants. We thanked Master Ken again and left.
"Well, what do you think?" Ben asked of me as we left.
"It was great," I replied with obvious enthusiasm.
"Why do you say it was great?"
I hesitated. "It was great for three reasons," I said. Firstly, although it really hurt, I've got to admit I really enjoyed the experience. I think I'm even looking forward to the tune up. Secondly, if it puts me on the right track and keeps me out of trouble as it has with you, it's well worth it but thirdly and even more importantly, by coming with you today, I have discovered that like me, you're also gay, aren't you?"
"Yes," Ben replied.
"But you've never told me."
"And you never told me you were."
"Why didn't you say something, Ben?" I asked.
"Because I was afraid I would lose you."
"That's exactly the reason I hadn't said anything to you."
"Well, now we both know."
We both laughed and went home – to Ben's bed!

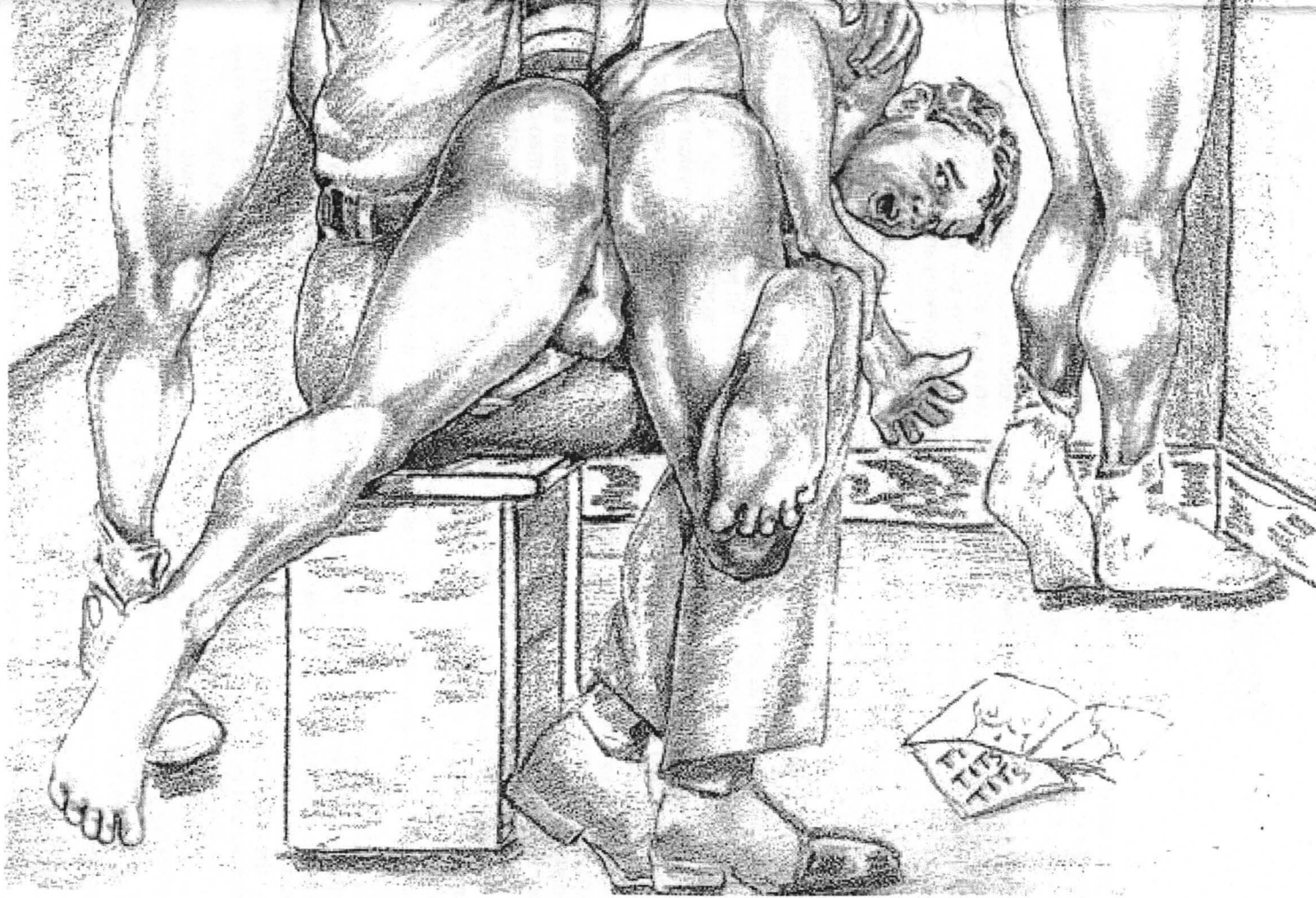
POSTSCRIPT:
The above story is an account of my first real experience with discipline almost two years ago. Master Ken delivered a savage dose of punishment, yet one I shall never regret. Sure it hurt, but strange as it may seem that was the real pleasure of the experience.

It brought a new and stronger bond between Ben and me and that is one of the things that made it so worthwhile.

Throughout the remainder of our school days we both returned at the start of each term for a tune up and it kept us in line, out of trouble at school and focussed on our schoolwork.
Both of us completed our schooling towards the end of 2000. By that time we had turned eighteen and immediately decided to move in together in a rented flat. It was very much a master and slave relationship. I have always been a submissive type despite my behaviour at school but Ben had a more dominant nature. That was really evidenced to me when he laid into me with the paddle on our first visit to Master Ken. Ben had become my master!
Both of us enjoy the roles of our relationship and act them out accordingly. Whenever I am disobedient or naughty and deserve to be punished, Ben lays into me but it only strengthens our relationship. He has become a real expert with the belt, and with as few as ten strokes there are few places on my back, arse, thighs and legs that aren't covered with angry red welts. Inevitably after a beating we are both aroused to such a high level that the sex we then experience is indescribable. But to this day I cannot bring myself to discipline him. To me, that is the role of the master.

If I have been really naughty, Ben sends me back to Master Ken for another major flogging and because Ben himself still craves to receive a good beating from time to time, he always accompanies me so we can share the experience together. ◘





Mitchell's Canings

I attended a very old-fashioned English minor public school in the early sixties when corporal punishment was considered a perfectly legitimate and normal way of keeping discipline in schools.

Hardly a day went by without the sound of a cane in action echoing round the old Victorian mansion which housed the school. All the masters were entitled to use the cane even for perfectly insignificant offences and the prefects could cane any boy with prior permission from his form master....which needless to say was nearly always granted. A prefect could only give a maximum of six strokes and was not allowed to cane bare although evening pyjama beatings were permitted and even encouraged by the headmaster Mr. Rakham who believed that regular caning made boys into strong courageous men. The masters on the other hand were allowed to cane bare and to give a maximum of twelve strokes that could be increased to eighteen if there was any sign of resistance on behalf of the boy to be caned. Mr. Rakham himself always caned bare and usually gave eighteen devastating strokes taking as long as ten minutes to complete the operation. But the school's maximum punishment was reserved for the school groundsman who was an ex-Sergeant -Major in his late forties who had been army champion in several different sports and was 6ft. 4, heavily built with the most powerful arms I've ever seen. It was due his abnormal physical strength that Mr. Rakham had decided to use him for the most severe canings. These consisted of twenty four strokes bare while held in position by the assistant gym master who was also ex-army and pretty strong too. The groundsman was known as Ape-man to us boys and his canings were the terror of the school. Ape-man's canings were always carried out in front of the whole school specially assembled for the occasion, whilst the masters could attend if they wished.....most naturally did so. On average there were two or three Ape-man canings a term but no boy had ever been known to receive more than one such experience in any one term.....that is until my last term when I broke the record for a bet with the rest of my form.....all twenty of them had to cough up a fiver and £100 in 1963 was a lot of money.....but was it worth it? Perhaps not...but in spite of this really rather terrible experience or perhaps because of it....I still like to get my arse soundly caned from time to time!!!

We'd talked about the bet at the end of the previous term and all during the holidays I tried to screw up my courage to accept the challenge. I was caned pretty frequently by most of the masters and had been to Mr. Rakham several times and in fact I quite enjoyed putting my physical courage to the test by enduring severe canings. Then the idea of being held down by the butch assistant gym master and thrashed in front of everyone excited me considerably in spite of the fact I'd witnessed the writhing and screaming of other boys during Ape-mans canings and seen the blood oozing from their ravaged backsides.

I decided to get myself caned as early in the term as possible so as to be able to recover sufficiently for the second dose and win my bet. There was one crime that automatically led to an Ape-man caning and that was being caught drunk in any of the local town pubs.....drinking meant eighteen from Mr. Rakham but being pissed meant the Ape-man after two days in which the victim could contemplate the coming ordeal while a notice was posted on the school notice board announcing a school assembly to witness a caning at the hands of Sergeant -Major Jones. The day before the caning the boy had to go and ask Ape-man for a cane which he then had take to the staff- bathroom and place to soak in a bath for

the twenty four hours prior to the event so that it would be heavier and more flexible so as to inflictthe maximum possible damage. This of course was intended to increase the boy's terror.

On the first Saturday of my last term I went to the "Green Man" which I knew was frequented by several of the masters after supper.....and ordered a double whiskey.....I then continued with several pints of Guiness and began to feel deliciously high and more and more excited....the landlord who was a pleasant fellow warned me to stop and go back to school before I was caught as Mr. Browning and Mr. Davis were sure to be in any minute. I just giggled and before I had quite recovered from my merriment in walked the two Masters..... "Mitchell.....what are you doing here? You know pubs are out of bounds during term time!" barked Mr. Davis. I just carried on giggling fatuously..... "Get back to school at once and report yourself to Mr. Rakham!!" Still giggling I staggered out of the pub and set off up the hill to the school. A few minutes later I was knocking at the door Mr. Rakhams private apartment... "Come in." was the irritated reply.....and I opened the door. "Mitchell.....Mr. Davis has just phoned me from "The Green Man" so you needn't bother me with any excuses.....you can take this and pin it on the school notice board and then go straight to bed and meditate on your disgraceful behaviour". With that he gave me a typed sheet of paper and pushed me out closing the door. I read the notice it said: For the attention of the whole school

N. Mitchell was observed by Mr. Davis and Mr. Browning in an advanced state of inebriation in "The Green Man" on Saturday evening. Notice is hereby given of an extra school assembly on Tuesday at mid-day in the big school-room to witness twenty four strokes of the cane to be delivered by Sergeant-Major Jones across the naked buttocks of N. Mitchell while he is held in position by Mr. Woodage. Any boy absent without permission will receive a caning from me at the first available opportunity.

Cedric Rakham (Headmaster)

The ridiculous formality of the notice set me off giggling drunkenly again as I made my way to the notice board. The news spread round the school the following morning and I became a hero although I didn't altogether feel like one as I had quite a hangover! Sunday evening after chapel I was ordered to go and see the Sergeant-Major. He lived in cottage at the edge of the school grounds and I was soon knocking at the door...Ape-man opened it....his head almost touching the cross-beam.....he was certainly a big man!! "Come in Mitchell," he said with his slight north-country accent "I gather you've come to fetch a cane for our appointment on Tuesday." "Yes Mr. Jones," I said as jauntily as possible so as not to give the idea of being particularly disturbed by the fact. " I don't think you'll be so cheerful on Tuesday lad....but I want you to know I'm only doing my duty....even if I don't mind admitting I enjoy it....so lets shake hands and no hard feelings" and he thrust his massive hairy right paw towards me.....I shook it and felt a thrill of anticipation at the touch of his huge hard hand and I smiled and looked him straight in his dark brown twinkling eyes... "No hard feelings Mr. Jones.....just a bloody sore arse I expect." "I'm afraid so ,lad." he smiled back his white teeth contrasting sharply with the dark stubbly growth of his unshaven beard. "Come in and we'll choose a cane from my selection. As I rather like you Mitchell I'll let you choose. There they are." He said indicating a tall basket containing a dozen or so long heavy canes with crooked handles. "They're all much the same really.....the light coloured one hasn't been used yet the others have all done sterling service.....so which'll it be?" "I'll inaugurate the new one." I said pulling out the light coloured cane, It was about 4ft. long and half an inch thick, heavy and flexible. "This is going to make one hell of a mess of my arse!" I thought to myself. "O. K. lad...now go and put it to soak in the staff bathroom and I'll see you in the big school room on Tuesday morning." As I made my way across the school grounds I swished the cane through the air as viciously as I could, it made a very alarming swooshing

sound and I felt my buttocks twitch and my cock stir. When I got to the staff bathroom I knocked on the door and Mr. Browning's deep bass voice said, "Come in. I'm in the bath....but there are still two free." I entered cane in hand delighted at the opportunity of seeing Mr. Browning lying nude in the bath as he was quite a hunk. Tall, hairy, muscular, blond with blue eyes..... I had been caned by him several times.....twelve bare and I had often fantasised about him as I wanked in bed. "Excuse me sir, I've got to put this cane to soak for my punishment on Tuesday" I said taking a good look at Mr. Browning's manhood which was as I had hoped remarkably large. "Oh, carry on Mitchell." purred the butch blond making no attempt to conceal the object of my intense gaze. "I read the notice board this morning.....and I wouldn't miss seeing Jones lay into your arse for all the tea in China! In all my experience of caning I've never seen anyone wield a cane to such devastating effect. I wouldn't like to be in your shoes.....but then my days of being caned are over, now I can enjoy watching others getting it or better still use a cane myself." I turned on the tap of the other bath ready to put the cane to soak. "By the way when did I last get to cane you Mitchell?" "Last term, sir. For talking during hall.....twelve bare.....quite an experience ,sir," "Glad you remember it, Mitchell but after Tuesday twelve bare from me will seem like slap and tickle!!!" I put the cane in the now half full bath and turned towards Mr. Browning - he was just getting out of the bath and was sporting a huge erection!! I felt myself blushing.... "No need to feel embarrassed, Mitchell we're all men you know, and we all get erections!! Just as we all wank and some of us do other things as well! All this talk of caning has got me quite excited.....you wouldn't by any chance like me to give you a foretaste of that cane would you?" I didn't know what to say.... " I mean it's not really fair to get a chap into a state like this and then leave him in the lurch, now is it?" "I suppose not, sir." I mumbled realising that my cock too was now pushing hard against my trousers. "Well then lock the door and get undressed....I'll just give you six for being provocative." I locked the door and undressed revealing my erection and making it as evident as possible. The big hairy blond looked admiringly at my fully matured cock while fondling his own. "Fetch the cane!" He ordered and I obeyed. "Right now bend over the washbasin with your legs apart!" I obeyed feeling the cold enamel on my stomach and chest as Mr. Browning took up position to my left....he laid the wet cane gently across my naked arse to tale aim drew it back and laid into me with all his force. "Ow....!!" I yelped as the first stroke registered itself across my buttocks. Mr. Browning smiled and prepared himself for the second stroke leaving a long pause so that I could appreciate the first to the full.....and just as the fire began to subside he smashed the second stroke into my quivering backside just below the first one. "Uffffff!!!" I grunted. It hurt like hell but it was also very exciting to be beaten by a naked man . Again a long pause and Mr. Browning started to stroke his huge member which was beginning to glisten with pre-come. Then SSSSSTTTTT craaacckkk the third stroke re-lit the fires across my arse.... "Oh Sir!" I gasped....." Think of Tuesday, Mitchell!" SSSSSSSTTTTTT CRAAAKKK "fuck me!" I yelled.... "Were you swearing....or was that a request?" Laughed Browning. "I'll take it as being the second!" and so saying he ran his fingers over the welts on my arse and then slipped his large forefinger into my hole gently working ti so as to induce relaxation....I responded by thrusting my arse back onto the invading finger. "Ever done anything like this before?" asked Browning. "Yes, sir. I was fucked by a lorry driver who gave me a lift last summer." "Did you like it?" "Yes, although it hurt a bit at first." "Would you like me to fuck you before or after the last two strokes?" "After, please, sir. Give me the last two strokes now please." "Here we go then" SSSSSTTTTT CCCRRAAAACCCKKK!! "Fffffffffttttttaaaaahhhhhh!" "Last but not least" and Browning using all the force of his tennis forehand smash whacked the cane into my buttocks for the sixth stroke. "Uuuuhhhhhaaaaaaoooooooo!!!" was approximately the sound that escaped my lips. Then before I knew what was happening Browning rammed his enormous cock up my tight hole

which surprisingly accepted the invasion without pain or protest in fact I began to come almost as soon as I felt Browning's hairy chest pressed against my back and when he felt the contractions of my hole he too began pumping his load with great thrusts into my guts reawakening the burning stripes on my arse with each thrust.....but it was fabulous!! "O. K. now go to bed and think of how much worse Tuesday is going to be!!! But if you like you can come and see me Tuesday evening and I'll see if I can do something to cheer you up a bit! Eh?" "Thank you sir." I said "For everything!" " It's been a pleasure old boy. Oh don't forget to put he cane back in the bath to soak!". I obeyed and went to bed with a sore arse and a stretched hole.....wondering what Tuesday would really be like. During the night I woke up through the throbbing of my stripes and found myself again with a huge hard on.....I settled things with a wank reliving the excitement of the previous evening before falling sound asleep. Monday passed without incident although I found myself constantly dwelling on my Tuesday morning appointment with Ape-man. At last Tuesday arrived and at 11.45 a fag knocked on the door of our Latin class and told Mr. Browning that I was to go up to the staff bathroom and fetch the soaked cane and then change into gym-kit and go and wait in the front row of the big school room. Mr. Browning smiled knowingly at me as he relayed the instructions saying "It won't be long now Mitchell....and my offer for this evening is still open if you need some comforting!" I made my way up to the staff bathroom and retrieved the cane....it now weighed about twice as much as before and was much more flexible.....however in spite of my growing misgivings about the whole bet idea I was still quite excited. I quickly ran down to the changing rooms and slipped on my gym-kit...a white tee-shirt and a pair of white cotton shorts which I put on without underpants as I knew I would have to pull them down in any case. When I got to the big school room, which was really a sort of theatre, it was still empty, although the janitor had put out two rows of chairs on the stage facing the rows of the auditorium where the boys would be sitting, for those of the masters who chose to attend my punishment and as usual there was a vaulting horse in the middle of the stage raised to waist height over which I would be unceremoniously bent by Mr. Woodage the assistant gym master. I sat down in the middle of the front row with the damp cane across my knees just as the bell rang for the end of morning lessons. Within seconds boys of all ages began pouring through the door to my left to take their seats whilst masters began entering directly from the stage door and taking their seats on stage behind the vaulting horse. Nobody spoke and very few people even looked at me. When the whole school was assembled and most of the masters....Mr. Rakham strode onto the stage followed by Sergeant -Major Jones in a green track suit and Mr. Woodage in gym-kit like me. The two executioners stood on either side of the horse while Mr. Rakham stood in front of it and started to lecture the school on my heinous crime. I hardly heard what he was saying in an agony of excited and fearful anticipation and I couldn't take my eyes off the enormous figure of Ape-man who was rolling his shoulders in preparation for his task. At Last I heard Mr. Rakham say: "Now Mitchell, come up on stage and give the cane to Sergeant-Major Jones." I obeyed passing the heavy cane to Ape man who immediately began flexing it and getting the feel of its weight. The Head master took up his position on raised dais behind the horse and slightly in front of the rest of the masters. "Carry on Sergeant -Major!" he barked. "At once, Sir!" replied Ape-man. "Mitchell, Mr. Woodage will help you to bend over the horse and keep you in position throughout your punishment, Woodage hold this a minute whilst I get myself ready." and so saying he passed the cane to Mr. Woodage so that he could strip off the top of his track suit displaying his magnificent hairy torso and massive biceps. " Bend over Mitchell and push your shorts down to your knees." I complied and there was a gasp from the boys when they saw the six still purple stripes that Mr. Browning had applied to my bottom two days earlier which of course would make the coming ordeal even more painful. "Woodage pull his shirt up well clear of the target area and grab his arms to hold him still"

Mr. Woodage, who was standing at my head pulled my tee-shirt up almost to my shoulders and grabbed my wrists pulling them down towards him as he sat cross legged facing me thus pulling me tightly across the semi-leather top of the vaulting horse. Mr. Woodage was also a big good-looking guy and I gazed at his hairy thighs and bulging crotch trying to take my mind off the terrible moment which was almost upon me. "Open your legs as far as you can Mitchell." continued Ape-man "That's fine. Now I'm going to take up position for my run up....and I want you to ask me to begin your punishment. I shall be giving you twenty-four strokes as hard as I can lay them on and I shall be leaving a good long gap between each to allow you to savour their full force. After six strokes you may ask for a longer pause if you wish as after twelve and eighteen. You must count each stroke out loud." This was the familiar formula, which we had all heard before, but this was the first time I'd heard it bent over ready to ask Ape-man to begin. I heard the big man take his usual six paces back from his target and then a deathly hush fell on all present. I could almost hear my own heart pounding and I could certainly feel my cock growing rigid against the horse. The strong warm hands gripping my wrists also excited me more than I can say. "This is it!" I thought to myself and taking a deep breath I said as loudly and clearly as possible: "Please begin my beating Sergeant-Major!" I heard the heavy thuds of Ape-mans gym-shoes in a quickening crescendo followed on the sixth thump by an amazing swooooooosh! and a report that sounded like a gun going off as the damp flexible heavy cane literally wrapped itself round and into both my waiting buttocks.....I managed not to scream but the pain was unlike anything I had ever experienced....and I felt myself pulling at Mr. Woodage's strong grasp and thrusting my body hard against the horse in a desperate attempt to escape the unbelievable stripe of liquid fire which seemed to be ricocheting from my arse to my brain and back in a wave upon wave of sheer agony. Most boys yelled at the first stroke and few got passed the third without voicing their sufferings more or less full throat. It was known that the masters used to bet on when Ape-man would obtain the first full-throated cry. I was determined to surpass all previous limits so that no-one would win anything....but it was clearly going to be very difficult. "One!" I croaked. Ape-man stood and admired the vicious red stripe that his handiwork had caused and watched it rapidly swelling and turning purple as blood began to fill the under layers of skin. Then I could hear him casually walking back to his starting point jauntily swishing the cane as he did so. The masters were muttering amongst themselves doubtless admiring Ape-mans caning prowess and wondering who would win the screaming bet. I looked into Mr. Woodage's green eyes and muttered "Hold onto me really tightly, please Sir, it'll give me more courage to feel I'm not entirely alone in this." Woodage just flashed a rather sexy smile in reply but said nothing. I noticed that his crotch was seething and it looked as if his cotton shorts were in danger of splitting asunder. Again I heard the approaching footsteps and the loud Swooooooosh!!! Followed by an even louder crack than before and the second stroke fell just above the first one.....I gasped and let out a kind of snort but no real sound....again I found myself in a haze of pain but I tried to think how much I'd enjoyed watching other boys in my position in the past and to imagine the enjoyment of the butch giant who was doing this to me. "Two" I spluttered. "Only twenty-two to go!" mocked Ape-man. That remark made me so angry that I felt I could now take fifty strokes just to spite him! Many years later Ape-man told me that he deliberately tried to anger the boys he had to cane because the angrier they were the less the felt the pain.....so he wasn't really a sadist after all. In fact the third stroke although delivered with the same devastating force did somehow seem to be more bearable even though it fell exactly where the first had fallen and split the surface skin causing the trickle of blood. I managed to remain more or less composed and let no untoward sound escape my lips. It seemed as though I'd already been held down and thrashed for hours although no more than two minutes could have actually passed. I almost forgot to call out "Three!" in my tortured

musings. And thus succeeded in prolonging the wait for the fourth stroke longer than the first three. Ape-man began his run-up for the fourth and put all his considerable weight and force behind it.....the swooooooosh and the following craaaaack!!! were almost deafening and the sensation defies description but I still managed not to cry out although I wriggled furiously and gazed tearfully at the manly Woodage hoping that the sight of him would somehow help me to stay at least silent. The fourth stroke fell a good deal lower than the first three wrecking new havoc on my poor bum, but without drawing further blood. "Four !" I shouted almost defiantly. Ape-man seemed incensed by my tone and ran up eve faster for the fifth stroke which again broke the surface skin causing a second oozing of blood. I knew however that by the end of my beating I would need a sponge to soak up the blood which would be flowing quite freely.....I'd seen the effects of Ape-mans cane on several bums before mine. "Five!" I called even more loudly....in fact to cover up a desperate need to yell out loud! I was in fact doing remarkably well...no-one had ever reached the sixth stoke without yelling.....the master's were all already loosing their bets! The sixth stroke which heralded a pause during which the victim was allowed to get up from the horse and massage his buttocks a bit before the continuation was longer in coming than the others.....perhaps just to make the longed for pause seem even further away but a t last it came and in spite of the deliberate five barred gate positioning and the tremendous force of the blow I managed to stay quite and just wriggle furiously fighting back my tears. Of course this sixth stroke also drew blood in several places but still only the odd drop. "Six!" I cried with some relief and not a little curiosity as I couldn't wait to touch my bruises....not so much to rub them but to feel their extent and consistency. "Woodage! Let him get up for a bit now." Said Ape-man. And the kindly Mr. Woodage helped me onto my feet after having adjusted his shorts so as to conceal as much as possible the hyper-activity within. I now had nothing to conceal as my erection had subsided after the first couple of strokes. I wiped the odd tear from the corner of my eye before looking towards the masters....who were obviously enjoying themselves enormously and then towards the boys who were mostly ashen faced with terror and numbed into a still silence. Then I gingerly touched my bottom. There were five hard long swollen welts with blood in several places. I looked at Ape-man who was rubbing the sweat off his magnificent torso with the top of his track suit and he flashed me a smile showing his straight white teeth in contrast to the dark stubble of a week old beard. "You're doing very well Lad!" he half whispered to me. "I'll speed up the next six a bit....I don't think anyone but us'll notice:" Then he added loudly. "O. K. Mitchell, your pause is over...get yourself in position for the next six. Woodage help him please." Mr. Woodage gently stretched me over horse again adjusting both my shorts and my tee-shirt before grabbing my wrists as before. Ape-man tossed his track-suit top onto an empty chair in the master's front row and retrieved the cane which he had lent against the same chair. "Have you anything to say to me Mitchell?" said the butch Sergeant-Major. "Yes, Sir. Please will you continue with my beating, Sir." I said as clearly and as calmly as I could. "With the greatest of pleasure, Mitchell are you ready?" "Yes ,Sir!" I replied. Ape-man started his run-up and drove the first stroke of the next six into my devastated backside. Of course the pause had hardly made any difference to the agony but even so I was hardly prepared for the molten lava effect of this seventh stoke.....I think it was the first that really seriously split the skin . This time there was no stopping me.... I yelled and spluttered unable to say "seven" whilst the masters whispered their approval that at last the boy was reacting properly. When I managed to gasp "Seven!" Ape-man immediately smashed another stroke onto his target.....there was no point in restraining my cries any longer so I gave free reign to my vocal protests, and tears began to flow quite freely." Eight!" I managed to yell but this time Ape-man had started his run-up before I spoke and so the ninth stroke fell immediately and I howled in agony.....my bum must have already been in a ghastly state and we weren't even half way yet!! "Nine!" I

sobbed. I was now lying limply across the horse and didn't even have the force to wriggle.....only to yell! The tenth stroke arrived quite quickly and I passed from a yell to a strange scream I hardly recognised.....I was beginning to doubt I'd ever win my bet by going through with all this again before the end of term!!!! "Ten!" I gurgled and tried to brace myself at least mentally for the next stroke....I wondered if Ape-man would tire a bit and loose some of his power but the eleventh stroke soon told me that for the moment this was not the case. Again I screamed....I was going to have a sore throat as well as a arch-sore bum!!! "Eleven!" "Only one more to the halfway mark" I thought trying to rally a little resistance. I could hear that Ape-man had already started his run-up and then Swooooooshhhh.....crrrraaaaaackkkkk!!!!! the twelfth stroke landed crisscrossing all the others and causing copious bleeding. I yelled again louder and longer and lay limply across the horse drawn tight only by Mr. Woodage's strong grasp. "Halfway....time for another rest if required." Boomed Mr. Rakham. That did it....I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me begging for mercy and so I said. "No, Sergeant-Major....please continue with my caning! No more pauses thank you!" The remaining twelve were delivered with regular twenty second gaps and with devastating accuracy....by the twenty-fourth stroke my arse was mostly raw flesh and I could feel rivulets of blood running down my legs and even into my shoes. I thought I was about to pass out as I gasped "Twenty four!" but somehow I didn't. Mr. Woodage helped me to my feet and I pulled my shorts over the bleeding mass that was my bum. Then still trembling I think with the beginnings of shock symptoms I shook Ape-mans big hairy paw and thanked him for caning me so thoroughly. Then I was accompanied to the sick-bay for some basic first aid treatment and the school was dismissed and everything went back to normal. That night I was of course bound to sleep on my stomach but Matron also gave me a kind of cage that kept even the sheets off my atrocious wounds. I now knew I'd never win my bet.....but I did in spite of my decision to throw in the sponge.....and all thanks to Mr. Browning.

to be continued next month....

Tim Card

Tim Card, a former Vice-Provost of Eton and the author of the definitive and authorative books on Eton has died aged 69.

He was Vice Provost of Eton from 1988 until 1999. He transformed that job and in many ways the school itself. It had been a retirement post for a senior master who kept a friendly eye on Old Etonian matters and took on anything that was too time consuming or trivial for the Head Master or Provost.

Eton was Card's life from 1944 when he joined the school just before his thirteenth birthday until his retirement in 1999.

His two books ***Eton Renewed*** (Murray 1994) and ***Eton Established*** (Murray 2001) give an unparralled insight into the history of the school and are required reading for any CP enthusiast who has a penchant for the traditional and historical aspects of Eton life.

After an uncertain start as housemaster the bond in his house was indissoluble. Innumerable boys kept in touch years after they had left.

The last words of the last chapter he wrote of his history explained to his readers that masters "were increasingly often repaid for the care and affection that they devoted to their best pupils by the lasting warmth returned by their charges".

Dr. Stern's Letterbox November 2001

Dear Dr. Stern,

I see a Headmaster type every month or so and we have some quite realistic and exciting school scenes which we both enjoy very much.
I get to wear a really nice uniform which he keeps cleaned and pressed ready for me to change into each time I visit, and he keeps one room in his house especially for our sessions. He has a big teachers desk, a smaller desk with attached bench, which I sit at, a blackboard and easel, and of course, in his desk drawer he has quite a few different canes, slippers, straps and so on. I get to feel all of them from time to time, and the canes I get to feel the most frequently as this is his favourite method of punishing bad marks in tests and any disobedience from me.

My problem, and question is this; He is obviously convinced that his large collection of canes is second to none, and I'm sure that once upon a time they were, but he has had most of them at least ten years I'm sure and most have tatty bits of tape holding them together where they have split, cracked or even had pieces break right off them. They don't look entirely "pukka" any more & I'd love to have him throw nearly all of them out and but new ones, but I'm guessing to replace all his twenty or so canes would be hard and very expensive. That in itself doesn't bother me, I've had many, many hours of pleasure being his naughty schoolboy and I'd happily pay to replace his "rotten old rods", but he is a very proud man And I am sure he would hate it if he got to know that I find his punishment implements scruff. Can you tell me please, how and where I could get replacements that would be good enough to please him and how you suggest I approach telling him the hard facts about his manky old ones. Oh and if you're reading this Harold, Sir, sorry... but it's true, your canes are well past their sell-by date! (This will undoubtedly cost me a dozen or so scorchers if Sir does read this, but It'll be worth it). ***Many thanks, Nigel. (N. London)***

Dr Stern replies;

Well now Nigel. Your comments about your Headmaster's canes are just the right side of cheeky and it is admirable that you want to ensure that your bottom is beaten with nice springy new canes when deserved, so I'll try my best to help you. Buying Harold some good quality new canes is the easy bit. Get a catalogue or use the Internet (if you have access, I do not) to view the range of canes and many other disciplinary tools sold by A & E Services Ltd of 10a Rushdown Crescent Littledown, Bournemouth, Hants. Their prices are good, so are their canes and their mail order service is discrete and reliable. As far as replacing the existing ods is concerned, I understand your desire not to offend and this should be easy enough to achieve. I would suggest the following stages;

i) **Do not replace all twenty of his canes. Order 2 of each of the Senior, Medium & Junior School Canes from AES, also perhaps one good heavy tawse (two-tailed). Have them delivered to your home, not Harold's. Gift-wrap them after removing the invoice or pricelist from the carton they come in.**

ii) **When you next report for school time, get changed into your uniform when you arrive as usual, but before sitting at your school desk, approach Harold/The Headmaster and smiling, hand him your gift and wish him a "Merry Christmas Sir". Have your lesson as usual, taking whatever beatings your behaviour warrants, and then only at the end of the visit, when school is over for the day, gently suggest to him that having a shiny new set of supple canes would be the perfect time to throw out the old ones, pointing out that the breakages and splits are not only making them less effective but potentially dangerous too.**

If he is delighted with your gift of new canes but still feels it unnecessary to ditch the old ones, why not be bold and invite him to try his hand with the best of his old senior canes across your bottom there & then. Suggest six of the very best and if you take all 6 in silence then it proves the cane is past it's best and all the old ones must go.

Of course to win the day you will then have to make absolutely sure that no matter how soundly he canes, you stay absolutely silent until all six have been administered and you have been invited to get up. Then and only then you can hold him to your bargain and offer to help him dispose of the old rods. Encourage him by pointing out that the extra space he is making in his drawer can give room for further purchases at a later date. Have fun, it sounds as if you both enjoy your "schooling" immensely.

Dear Dr. Stern,

I work in a office and I do have a bit of a problem with getting in on time. My immediate boss is a guy of only twenty-three, barely a year older than me. He has had a go about my timekeeping a few times, but last week he astounded me by telling me that if I was late again he'd spank me in front of everybody!!

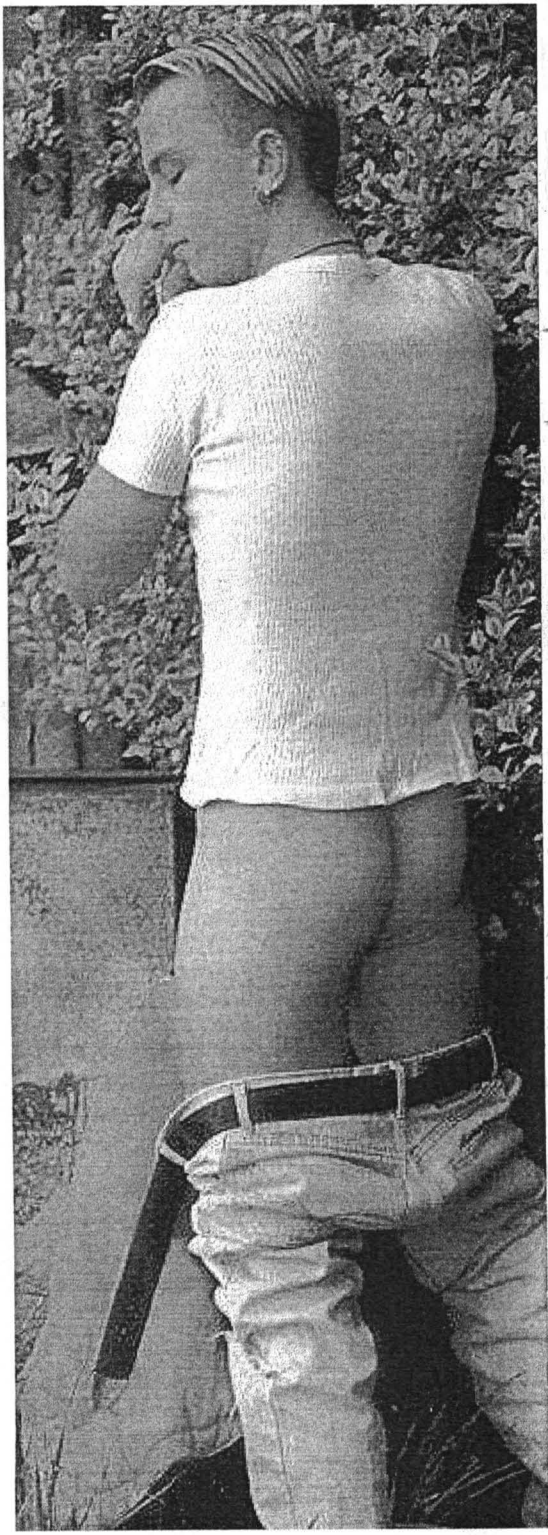
I am sure he hasn't a clue that I am very into CP, or that I fancy him sexually like hell. What the hell do I say or do if he makes this threat again? I'd love him to do it, really hard, but in private where I could really get into it. Advice urgently please!

Dr. Stern replies;

Silly boy! My advice is short & unequivocal. If you are late again & he says he intends to spank you, ask to see him privately after the others leave work. Then, go in, grin & ask if you should take your trousers down or bend over!? If he says yes... do so! and take what you deserve! He's probably bluffing but I hope not and so clearly do you.

Dr. Stern

As requested in response to the appreciative letters received last month another picture from the files of the Dr's spankable young men.



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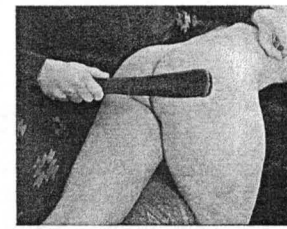

This month: Daddy Inc.

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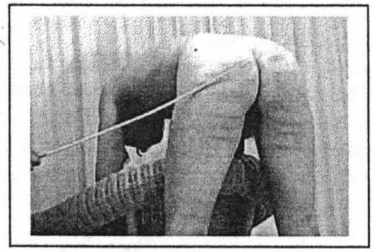

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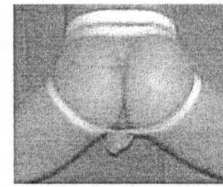

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Disciplined Lives - 9

Another in our occasional series of the effects of Childhood discipline
This month:

A Lesson in Obedience

Robbie was a fine young man. He was 16 years old, blond and was the envy of all his friends. He excelled in school sports and outdoor activities and was an active member of the school swimming team, spending every spare moment he could find in either strenuous sessions in the school gymnasium or regular training in the pool. Being a long-time friend of the family I was privy to most of the day to day business of the family and this is what I remember of those times

As a result of these regular training programmes and his generally active life style, Robbie possessed a lithe young body with a very strong physique. He was extremely fit and well tanned. His muscles rippled in the sunlight – and he knew it! Combined with his athletic build that was capable of speeding him through the pool, the boy possessed a very able mind and when he applied himself to his studies he was able to achieve quite outstanding results. But his vanity was the cause of his current problem as he concentrated more and more on his bodybuilding and less and less on his studies. However, time and a hard lesson in obedience that Robbie would long remember, were soon to correct this.

This term Robbie realised he had not kept his activities in balance and was concerned and fearful of his coming end-of-school examinations. Due to the frequent training sessions to maintain his position in the school swimming team his studies had suffered badly and he knew it. This concerned him greatly, not only because of the repercussions that he well knew would occur at home should he not do well with his schoolwork, but also because he had high goals for the future and he knew he must succeed at school with his academic studies if he were to achieve his ambitions.

His father, whilst praising him regularly for his sporting achievements had repeatedly warned him not to let his studies slip or he would be flogged. The boy was full of anxiety for the day when he had to take home his school report. He feared it would be a report that pleased neither his father nor himself.

Robbie had an extremely sound and good relationship with his father who admired him greatly for his many qualities, but at the same time he held extremely high expectations for his son. Since his early years he had been expected to present a model image to his twin brothers, Tim and Stephen and his father offered no mercy should he stray from this path. At the same time Robbie wanted to be a model brother to the twins. He also realised that when the time came for correction, it was for his own ultimate benefit.

His dad was a strict disciplinarian and liberal doses of the strap across the bare buttocks was meted out at even the slightest provocation to ensure strict obedience. He believed that if it were necessary to use the strap then a solid thrashing was of far more lasting benefit than a mild punishment. Fortunately for the boys this did not occur too frequently as the mere thought of a flogging ensured that they kept themselves out of trouble. In addition, as a constant reminder, the strap hung behind the bathroom door visible and read for use whenever the boys erred. The sight and thought of the pain that would be inflicted was enough to keep the boys in order.

It was a thick leather strap about a metre in length and four or five centimetres wide. The end of the strap was split into four thin strips so that when administered each stroke had the effect of four separate lashes. On the rare occasions when the boys were treated to such

punishment the pain was excruciating. To even flinch during punishment instantly brought an additional few lashes. However, the results were long lasting and, as far as the boys were concerned it was very beneficial and did them a lot of good by keeping them in line and out of trouble for some considerable time, even if only for fear of another dose.
Unless a miracle was going to occur before examination time, Robbie knew what lay in store for him. His dad had constantly warned the three boys that any examination result of less than 70% would instantly result in severe punishment. Punishments were in proportion to the marks gained in school exams. A mark in the sixties resulted in two strokes of the strap; in the fifties four strokes; the forties six strokes and so on. With six subjects to study for and the exams just two weeks away Robbie knew he had a mammoth task ahead of him if he were to avoid the consequences of his neglect throughout the term.
Although extremely tired after his physically exhausting days at school, he spent the last two weeks prior to the exams with study until the early hours of the morning. Frustration soon set in as he quickly realised just how difficult a task he had and this did not help him at all.
To overcome his casual approach to his studies throughout the term seemed an interminable task. Alas, when the results of the examinations were put on the school notice board on the morning of the last day of term, Robbie's heart sank. His brothers had done well in their examinations and he was pleased for them but he, himself, had not done well at all. He knew that not only was he in for a severe punishment from his father but equally importantly he was distressed that he had so badly let down his parents who had such high expectations of him.
Only two of his subjects resulted in marks of 70% or greater, whilst his others brought him one result in the sixties, two in the fifties and one in the forties. Never before had he actually failed a subject and he knew that his father would not be pleased, to say the least. He quickly calculated that he was due for no less than sixteen solid strokes of the strap, a punishment he dreaded but at the same time knew was thoroughly deserved in light of his tardiness with his studies throughout the term. The boy recognised that punishment was given for his own good and he knew he would learn a great deal from it when the time came.
It seemed a long day for Robbie as the minutes ticked slowly by; all the time with only one thought in his mind. He had to face his father that evening with the dreaded news. He was not prepared to wait until the report was posted home. That would only delay the inevitable for a further few days. Best to get it over with, he decided wisely, so that he could get on with his life and learn from his mistake.
Robbie was unusually quiet on the way home and his brothers wondered what was concerning him. They had not seen his results but had presumed that, as usual, they would have been more than satisfactory. When told the reason for his anxiety they fully understood his reaction and felt for him. Stephen, particularly, was most sympathetic to his brother as he himself still remembered the recent beating his father had given him when the Headmaster had informed his parents that he had been caught smoking. What made the matter worse was that he didn't even enjoy the cigarette. Like so many young people, he was only smoking when dared by his peers, so that he could be part of the crowd.
Robbie explained to his brothers that he had realised for some time that he was neglecting his studies but, like many boys of his age, he had got caught up with his sporting prowess. He already realised the error of his ways, he told them, and assured them that their father would, without doubt, make him even more aware. However, he told hem he deserved every bit of the punishment he would inevitably receive and that it would do him good. At the same time he apologised to his brothers for the bad example he had set them. Robbie's long day dragged on further as he ha another four hours before his father arrived home from work. He was going over the situation in his mind and the right moment to break the news. Regardless of the moment he knew he was in for a bad time, both physically and mentally.

Dad was tired when he arrived home late but seemed in good spirits as he heard of Tim and Stephen's fine end of term results. He duly congratulated them, told them how proud he was of them and gave them each a ten pound note to spend during the holidays. He was a very fair man and although he punished his children severely when they transgressed, he equally rewarded them generously whenever deserved. This was why all of the boys held their father in such high respect. Now it was the turn of the eldest son! Dad's face fell as Robbie detailed his marks one by one and Robbie realised just how disappointed an angry his father was.

"What happened?" he asked. "You are a bright boy. How can you get results like this? Were your exams particularly difficult? Did your friends have the same degree of difficulty?"

"No, Sir," the boy replied. Most of my friends did extremely well."

"Well . . . .?" said his father, anxiously awaiting the reason.

"I devoted too much time to my training for body building and swimming," he replied, "and did not make the appropriate effort with my studies. I have been lazy. It won't happen again, I promise."

"Not half as sorry as you're going to be," added his father, "and we are going to have to make sure it won't happen again, aren't we?"

"Yes, Sir," whimpered the boy, already almost in tears.

"Go and get me the strap, Robbie," his father instructed in a stern voice.

To Robbie, the punishment had already begun. To be asked to retrieve the strap from its resting place behind the bathroom door and to take it to his father sent shivers down his spine. In his mind he could already feel the welts as they lashed across his body. Yet, he knew he must take his punishment as a man and learn from it.

He had brought this situation upon himself by weeks of continual neglect throughout the past term and now must face up to his responsibilities and obligations without any signs of weakness. Particularly, he must be an example to his brothers by accepting the consequences without complaint.

He handed the strap to his father, who then instructed the boy to fetch the linseed oil and a cloth. On his return he handed the articles to his dad and stood at attention in front of him whilst his father carefully oiled the strap to maintain its flexibility and to keep it in peak condition for its coming use.

"Just as you boys need the strap every now and then to keep you in peak condition," said his father addressing his errant son, "so the strap needs oiling to keep it in peak condition. Then it will do you a lot more good, won't it, son?"

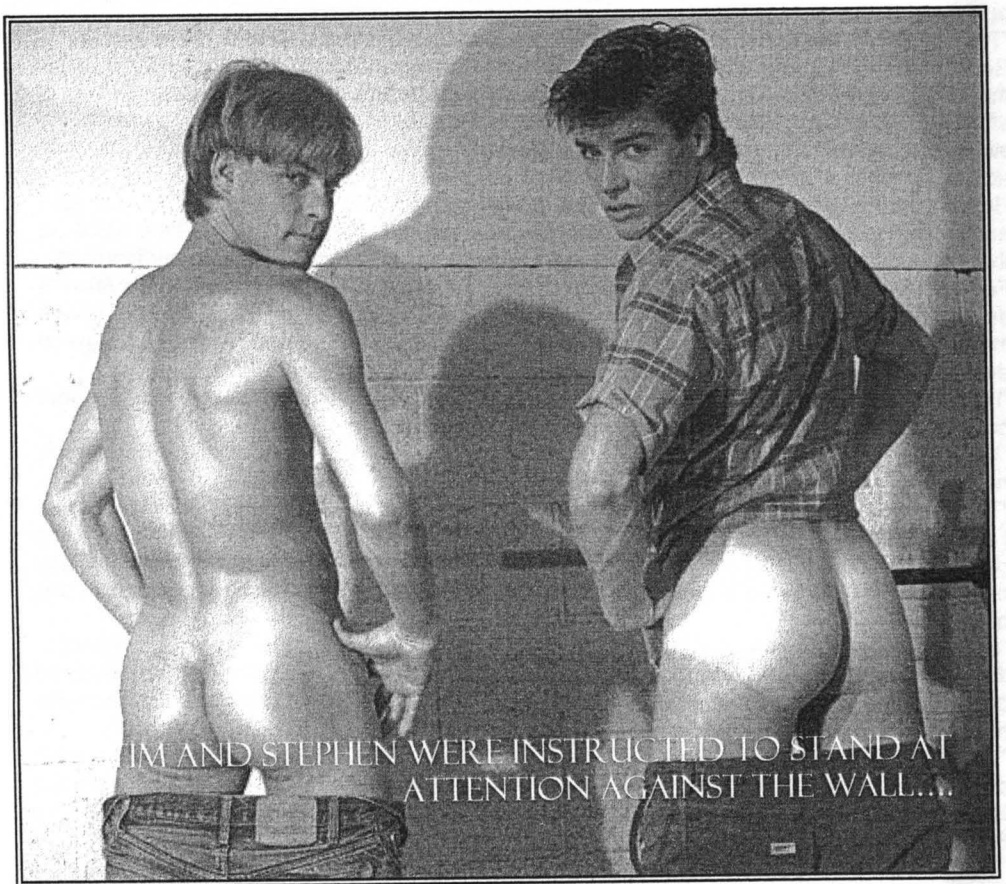
A well oiled strap, his father constantly told them, made certain that its benefits would be well and truly appreciated by the boys in helping them to understand the errors of their ways. Robbie could see that he was about to well and truly understand and appreciate the errors of his ways! He also knew that a freshly oiled strap was twice as painful when the four moistened strips of leather at the end made contact with the skin. Nevertheless, it was his own fault and he was fully prepared to face up to his responsibilities.

"Tim. Stephen," his father called – as the twins had long since retreated to the safety of their own rooms, knowing well what was in store for Robbie. "You are to witness punishment," he told them when they arrived, "in the hope that you might also learn from it, so that you do not go the same way with your studies."

The boys shuddered. Apart from not wishing to see their brother, whom they idolised, punished, they knew from past experience that when serious punishments had to be witnessed, they were often concluded not only with an additional strapping for the offender but also with a good strapping for the witnesses to emphasise the seriousness of the situation.

"Robbie," he said in the presence of the twins, "I will not accept laziness. If any of you have made a sound effort with your work and you do not achieve, then that is very disappointing but understandable. I do not blame you in any way when you have made your best efforts, as you have obviously done with your sport and I particularly congratulate you for all you have achieved with your swimming. But you have failed your studies, not because you are not capable but because of a lack of application on your part. That is completely intolerable and I will not put up with it. Do you understand?"
"Yes, Sir," replied Robbie, now quietly sobbing as he anticipated the approaching punishment.
"Take the strap. Go up to the study and get ready for punishment. I shall be there shortly."
Robbie took the strap from his father and left for the study. Although only three rooms away, the walk upstairs to the study felt so far away. Already he was strongly regretting his lack of effort throughout the term, and realised the time had now come to be fully accountable. He slowly opened the door, entered the study, closed the door behind him and placed the strap across the back of the chair.
He removed his jeans and underpants but did not seem aware of the fact that his long shirt hung down to his knees. He figured that he would roll his shirt up when the time came so that his buttocks would be completely uncovered and ready to receive his due punishment.
For what seemed like an indefinite length of time, he stood there contemplating his father's arrival. Suddenly, the door opened and in came his brothers, Tim and Stephen, followed immediately by their father. Tim and Stephen were instructed to stand at attention against the wall, facing the desk in the centre of the room.
"Robbie," he thundered. "You were told to prepare for punishment. I can't even see your backside. Get that shirt off immediately."
"Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir," replied Robbie as he removed his shirt and stood there completely naked, his body shaking with fear and anxiety.
"Tim. Stephen. You have done well with your studies this term and I am proud of you. I wish I could be as proud of your brother. Hopefully, we will all be next term if he learns from this punishment and makes a better effort in the future. You are to observe this punishment and hopefully it will serve as a good warning to you that laziness will not be accepted in this household."
"Robbie," he said, turning his attention to his elder son. "I presume you realise the extent of the punishment you are to receive for your laziness? I warn you now, it will be severe and I hope you and your brothers learn a good lesson from it. We will not tolerate laziness in this household. I'm sure you know that, don't you?"
"Yes, Sir," replied his son, now sobbing uncontrollably, and added, "I understand I have done wrong, I am very sorry and I deserve to be punished. I promise it will teach me a good lesson and that next term you will be as proud of my results as you are of Tim's and Stephen's."
"Then, assume the punishment position, son."
Robbie handed the strap to his father and approached the desk in the centre of the room. He spread his legs apart so that as much as possible of his buttocks were exposed for punishment and bent down low across the desk. He grasped the other side of the desk to hold himself steady, for he knew if he dared flinch he was in for even more.
"I'm ready," he sobbed, "not only do I hope to learn from this but I hope it will help Tim and Stephen also to realise what I have done wrong so they don't do the same thing."
"Tim, Stephen, both your brother and I hope you will learn a valuable lesson. Observe carefully and treat your brother's punishment as a warning to you. Your first punishment, Robbie, is for your Mathematics result. 42%. That will cost you six strokes. Count each stroke, aloud, as usual."

His father drew the strap back high over his shoulders in readiness for the first stroke. Before the strap even reached the boy, young Tim had turned away, anxious not to see his brother receive his deserved punishment. He did, however, hear the thwack as the four supple thongs of well-oiled leather were laid to rest across his brother's naked bottom. As it flayed across Robbie's buttocks he heard his brother's anguished, "One, Sir."
"Tim," he said in a stern voice. I told you to witness the punishment, not to turn away. Strip and take your brother's place at the desk. Robbie, stand up!"



Tim removed his shorts and underpants, rolled up his shirt and assumed the punishment position. Immediately followed four of the hardest lashes with the strap that one could possibly imagine.
"Now," said his father, "Do as you are told and face your brother while he takes the rest of his beating or you'll get some more."
Young Stephen was by this stage petrified, as he was the only one of the three who hadn't been whipped as yet. He guessed it was coming!
The lad resumed his position at attention against the wall and this time obeyed the instructions of his father. Robbie resumed his position at the desk and continued to count aloud as the strokes whipped across his bottom.
"Two, Sir . . . . Three, Sir . . . . Four, Sir . . . . Five, Sir . . . . Six, Sir."

With each stroke, a severe sensation of pain shot through his entire body.
After the sixth stroke, the punishment paused temporarily with Robbie still spreadeagled across the desk. His father checked that the twins were still observing the punishment and then continued, "History, 55%. Four strokes."
The strap flew through the air, landing on Robbie's bottom like a crack of thunder. He flinched! Not only was the stroke not to be counted as part of his punishment, but he was advised that the next three were the "reward" for not taking his punishment as instructed. He then laid on three particularly hard cuts of the strap.
By this time, both the twins were in tears as they witnessed their elder brother being flogged for his laziness. They had already learnt an extremely valuable lesson, but they were forced to stand there as the punishment continued. Both realised they dare not turn away.
"History, 55%. Four strokes. We'll try again."
This time Robbie wept openly but did not move a muscle for fear of more additional punishment. He merely counted the punishment.
"One, Sir . . . . Two, Sir . . . . Three, Sir . . . . Four, Sir ."
"English, 63%. Two strokes."
"One, Sir . . . . Two, Sir."
"Science, 58%. Four strokes," added his father.
Robbie didn't know how much more he could take. Already, between the punishment for Maths, History and English, plus the stroke that wasn't counted when he flinched, combined with the additional three he then received, he had taken a total of sixteen strokes, and his Science mark of 58% for which he was to receive four more strokes, had still to come. However, he was determined not to move, for fear he would again receive even further punishment.
" "One, Sir . . . . Two, Sir . . . . Three, Sir . . . . Four, Sir"
Robbie, by this stage, was crying uncontrollably but hadn't moved a muscle. He waited anxiously for his father's advice that the punishment was complete, for he knew from past experience that it was not unusual for additional strokes to be given at this stage, if his father either considered that some of the punishment was too light or if he considered that the boys hadn't yet learned their lesson and would benefit from a further thrashing. This was especially the case with serious misdemeanours, with Robbie anticipating additional strokes.
"Get up," ordered the boys' father, "and stand at attention."
The boy slowly rose to an erect position, his buttocks visibly raw in various shades of red, blue and black as a result of his punishment.
"Thank you, Sir, for correcting me," he said to his father and shook his hand firmly. "That was a good whipping. I thoroughly deserved it." He knew that even a failure of such acknowledgment at this stage could still result in an additional whipping.
"And what have you learned from this punishment, son?" demanded his father. "Is there any chance that we are going to see a repetition of this type of behaviour?" he asked.
Still crying, Robbie managed to tell his father that he had learnt a very valuable lesson that he would never forget. He had learnt to apply himself to his studies and to keep both his sport and academic work in proportion. He assured his dad that the problem would never occur again. He was instructed to stand to the side and remain at attention. His father now turned to the twins.
Addressing the twins, his father asked both of them if they, too had learned a lesson. They assured him they had, but in order to emphasise the gravity of the situation, he told them that they would both now get a dose of what Robbie had just received. One by one, Stephen first, they were told to take the punishment position and he laid four of the best across their buttocks.

He saved the hardest four for Tim who had already disobeyed him earlier during Robbie's turn at the desk. Tim screamed in agony at every stroke, but knew that he dare not even think about flinching. Indeed, neither of the twins flinched a muscle during their strapping. Robbie felt ashamed that he had done so. Both of them then thanked their dad for giving them a good lesson; Tim also apologising for his earlier disobedience.

Robbie, still trembling, again approached the desk in readiness for his additional share. There was an audible sigh of relief as his father said, "Robbie, I think you've had enough for now. I am going to save your additional punishment until the end of the holidays, so it will be fresh in your mind when you return to school. That way there will be even less chance you will forget the need to keep your sport and studies properly balanced."

Whilst Robbie was pleased there was not to be given more at the moment, he was concerned that he had another fortnight to contemplate the additional punishment. Normally, the boys would prefer to get their punishment over and done with as soon as possible, but after the beating he had already received, Robbie was quite appreciative of the delay. In his heart, he agreed it would probably do him a lot more good just before school went back than it would now.

"Thank you, Sir," he said to his father. His dad told him that he would speak further with him in the morning and handed the strap to his son to return it to the bathroom.

Robbie had a restless night, yet knew it was entirely of his own making. He did not for one moment condemn his father. He apologised to his brothers for their thrashings and told them it was his fault. If he hadn't been in so much trouble, the two of them would not have had to witness the punishment with the consequences that resulted.

Robbie immediately went to his own room to calm down. His buttocks were so sore that he went straight to bed and lay naked on his stomach for the night. He could not bear to even have his pyjamas rub against him. Indeed, he did not sleep well at all, not only because of the pain from his beating, but the anticipation of yet another dose lay heavily on his mind.

In the morning, realising his dad was already in the study working, Robbie, dressed only in his underpants, knocked gently on the study door.

"Enter!" commanded his dad.

"Good morning, Dad," he said to his father who was seated at the desk. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Robbie. Stand in front of the desk, please."

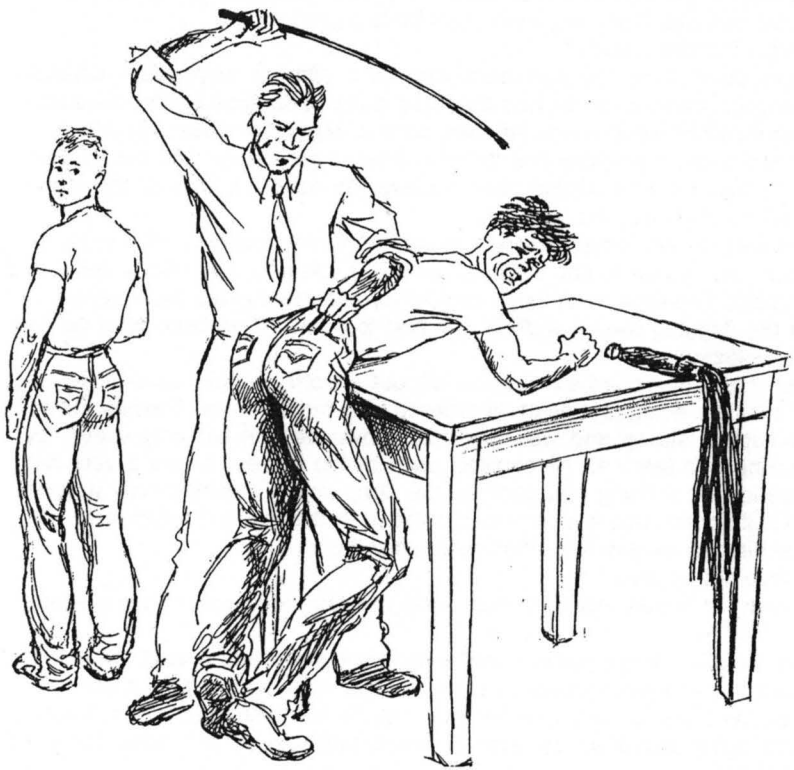
"Dad, I am so sorry I neglected my studies this term and I am sorry I have let you down so much. I will do my best that it never happens again," the boy said.

"I am proud of you, son," said his father. "You have faced your punishment last night like a man. I do not like these situations at all, anymore than you do, but I am determined that you boys will grow up to obedient and responsible young men."

He continued: "You are a very able young boy and when you put your mind to it, you can achieve a great deal. But you must learn to keep your sport and studies in balance. Hopefully, you have now learnt that lesson but if ever again you realise you are losing that balance you are to tell me before it's too late. A good strapping early in the piece can correct the situation and put you back on track before it's too late. I would far rather see you punished as soon as the problem starts to show up, so we can correct the situation early, rather than waiting for the exams. Do you understand?"

"I don't think it will ever happen again, dad," Robbie told his father, "but if it does, I will tell you immediately I notice it and ask you to repeat the punishment you've given me this time. Not only do I not ever want the same type of report again, but I don't want to disappoint you again, or to set a bad example to the twins. I hope my punishment has been a good lesson to them as well."

"Robbie, I have delayed your additional punishment for two reasons. First, I believe you had sufficient last night and secondly, by delaying it until just before school returns, it will keep the punishment fresh in your mind and hopefully you will learn more from it and start the new term correctly. Also, and I hope you realise that as your brothers have had punishment to emphasise the seriousness of the situation, it is not fair to them if you do not receive additional punishment. Can you understand that?"
"Yes, Sir," the boy replied.
"That's fair, Sir," he said. "May I make a request, please, Sir?" the boy asked.
"Certainly."

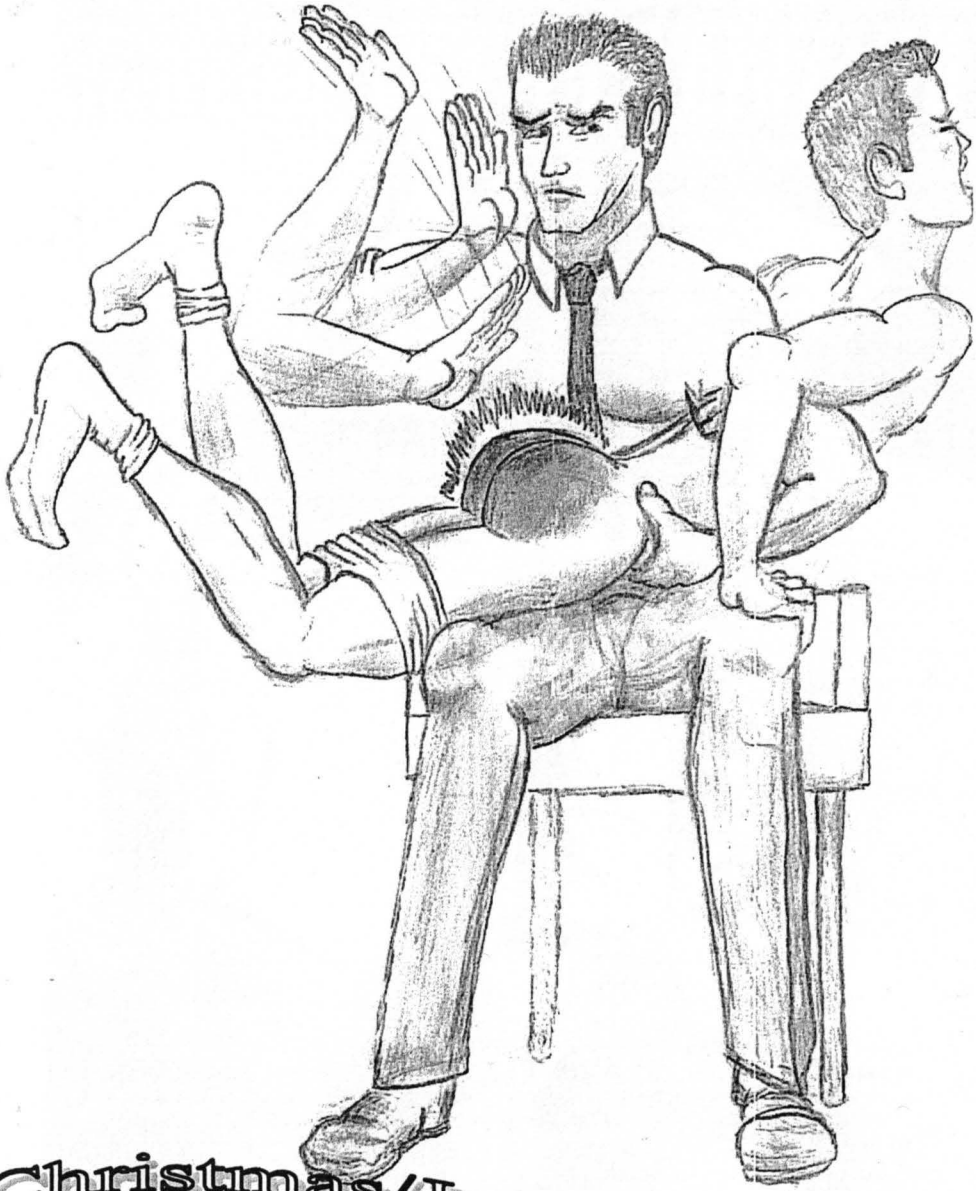


" I am sure you can understand the reason, then, that when the time comes for your additional punishment, I am going to have to give you twelve extra strokes as well and they will be very hard."

"I would like to ask that the twins don't have to witness the additional punishment. Apart from the fact that I know they've already learnt a good lesson from having to observe my beating last night, I don't want them to get any more. I don't think they deserve it, as it was all my fault, not theirs."
"Fair enough," replied his father. "I quite agree. I think they've already been well warned. Now, son, I want you to enjoy your holidays. But there is a need for some study to catch up on the work you are behind with. Otherwise, you are going to have difficulties next term, aren't you? I shall leave it to you to decide how much study is appropriate. You are quite mature and sensible enough for that," his father added. "Now, I want you to put this punishment behind you and make a fresh start."
Robbie had an enjoyable holiday, sharing it with his friends, his brothers and his father, who took them all to the coast for a few days' holiday. It was also an excuse for his father to get

the boy away from his studies for a few days to keep his mind fresh. He understood the boy's anguish, but nevertheless, knew well, as the boys themselves did, of the need for chastisement when his sons erred.
But the end of the holidays were approaching and Robbie had not forgotten that he had yet another reminder of his tardiness to face up to before he went back to school. He guessed that his additional punishment would be given the night before school went back, but neither he nor his father had referred to the matter.
After dinner on the last evening of the holidays, Robbie's father turned to the boy and said, "Well, Son. I think the time has come for your additional punishment so that we can impress the importance of study on you. Then, hopefully you'll have a good term."
"Thank you, dad. I'll get the strap ready."
Robbie retrieved the strap from the bathroom door and oiled it thoroughly, carefully lubricating the end thongs, as he knew he was expected to do. Although a freshly oiled strap was a great deal more painful when it was inflicted, he also knew that whilst stinging much more, any bruising was more superficial and faded in a few days, rather than taking much longer. He wanted to rejoin the swimming team as soon as possible, without the fear of embarrassment because of his bruised buttocks.
When he completed the task, his father advised him that he would meet him in the study in a few moments. Robbie took those fateful steps to the study, cleared his father's desk and prepared for punishment. This time he stripped completely and awaited his dad's arrival. He was anxious to get the flogging over and done with and to prove to his father that he had well and truly learnt his lesson.
It wasn't a long wait. His father soon arrived and without a word, Robbie handed him the strap and bent low over the desk, feet apart, in order to take the full force. Despite the fact that he possessed such a strong and well-developed physique, the lad only lasted four strokes before breaking into tears as he counted each of the lashes. It was a very hard strapping and he could feel it doing him good as the strap slowly and forcefully whipped across his bottom. He flinched once and remained at the desk awaiting the additional blows, but, on this occasion his dad gave him no additional punishment.
"All right, son. You may get up, now."
"Thank you, dad. And thank you, also, for not giving me any additional flogging when I flinched."
"There was no need, Robbie. I know you've learnt your lesson and learnt it hard. I'm sure it's done you good. You may put the strap back where it belongs. Now, let that be the end of it."
Robbie pulled his shorts back on and returned the strap to the bathroom. Here, it would remain in sight and again serve as an ever constant reminder of the need for strict obedience and discipline.
The experience of that particular lesson in obedience was one of a number of valuable learning experiences for the three boys and none of them would forget it in a hurry. Indeed, whilst fearing the strap, all three boys recognised that at times it was very necessary for their own good and kept them, not only obedient, but on their toes and at their peak performance. Although in the next few years, they were all to experience further floggings, never once did the boys complain that their punishments were undeserved. Only once, some months later, did Robbie find it necessary to request a good flogging from his father to help keep himself on track. Otherwise, the boys were never again in trouble for being slack with their studies.

Dad and the three boys considered, despite the painful and unpleasant experience of that night, that it was a lesson in obedience well learnt and that it stood them in good stead for the remainder of their school days. ▣



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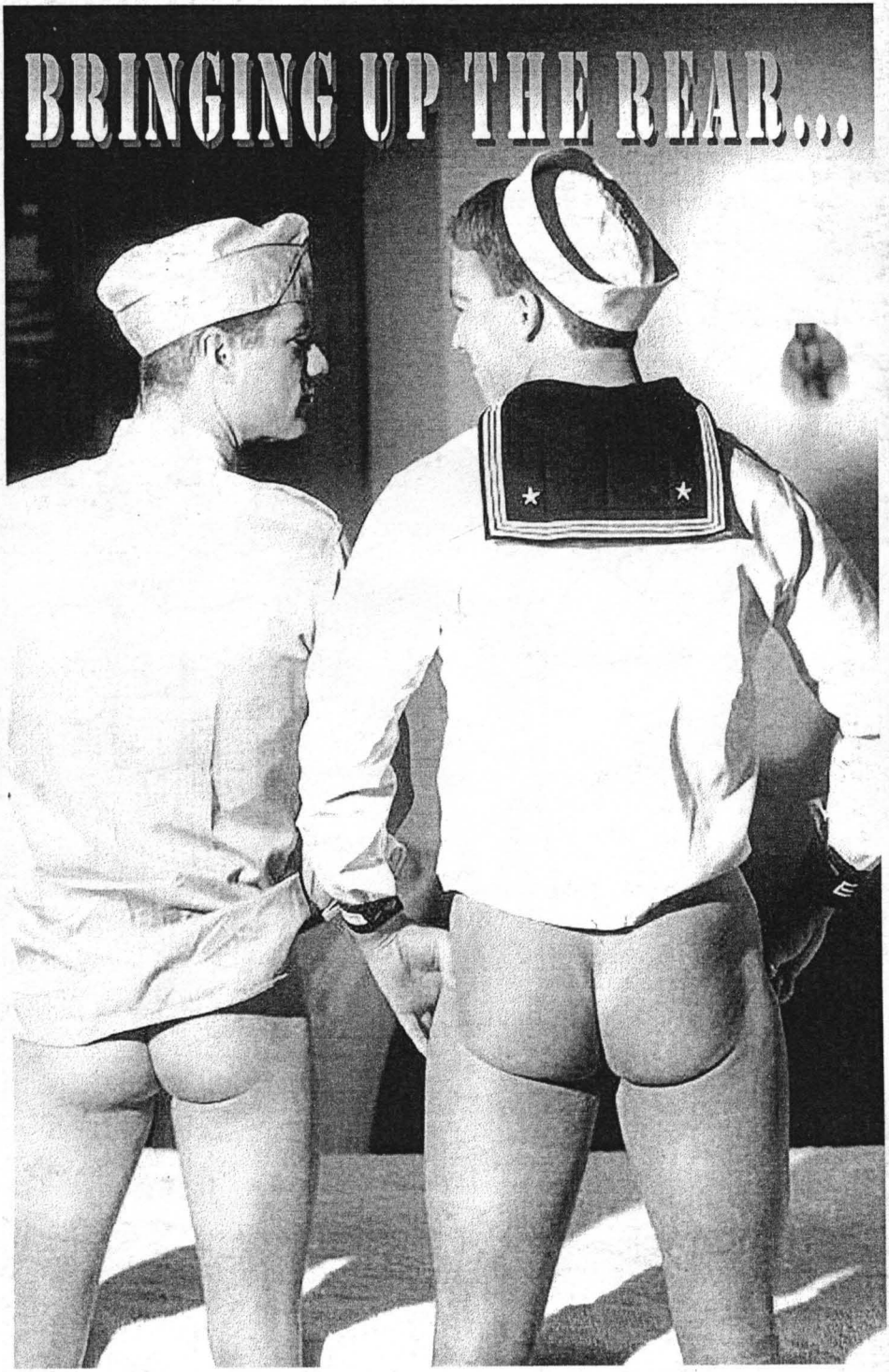
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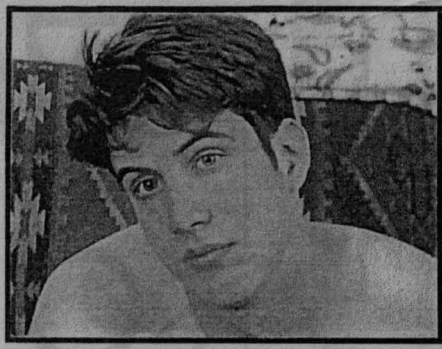

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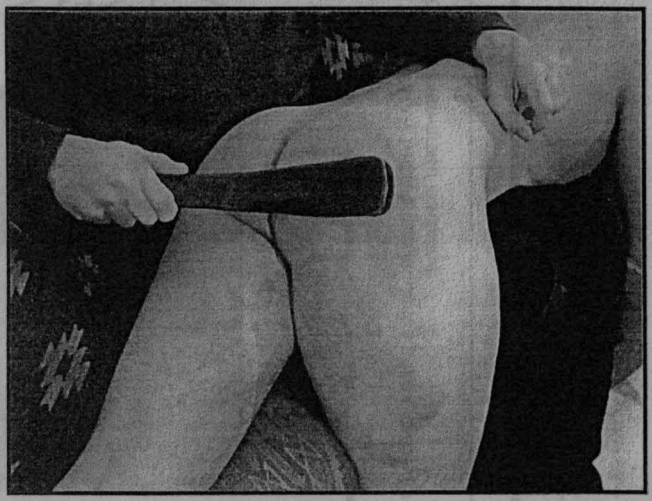

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